LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN SCREEN

34

September

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AUG 1934
MEDICAL DIVISION

Dolores Del Rio

LETS FIGHT FOR OUR MOVIES!

A thrillingly different

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presented by

SAVAGE



. . . a really exciting new face powder that glorifies every-day skin to the glamour-glow of a moon-bathed tropic night . . . enchanting . . . caressing . . . softly thrilling as a jungle rhythm. A powder as light in weight as stardust . . . luxuriously fine-textured . . . finer than any you have seen before. Its lightness, its fineness, its subtle smoothness make SAVAGE Face Powder cling to your cheek as enchantment clings to *it* . . . *savagely* . . . temptingly . . . regardless! You'll find it unbelievably flattering. And the shades? Four. You simply must see them.

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SAVAGE LIPSTICK

Transparent, highly indelible, yet keeps lips seductively soft. Four luscious hues: Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. 20c.

Large size in silver case, $2 at the leading smart shops.

SAVAGE ROUGE

For cheeks and lips. Amazingly smooth. Same shades as Savage Lipstick. 20c.

20c AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

Isn't It A Shame!



SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!



When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!



Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.



Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.



He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.



It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums. Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but *endanger* sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziratol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



NRA CODE

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4 — Chicago, June — October, 1934.

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MODERN SCREEN

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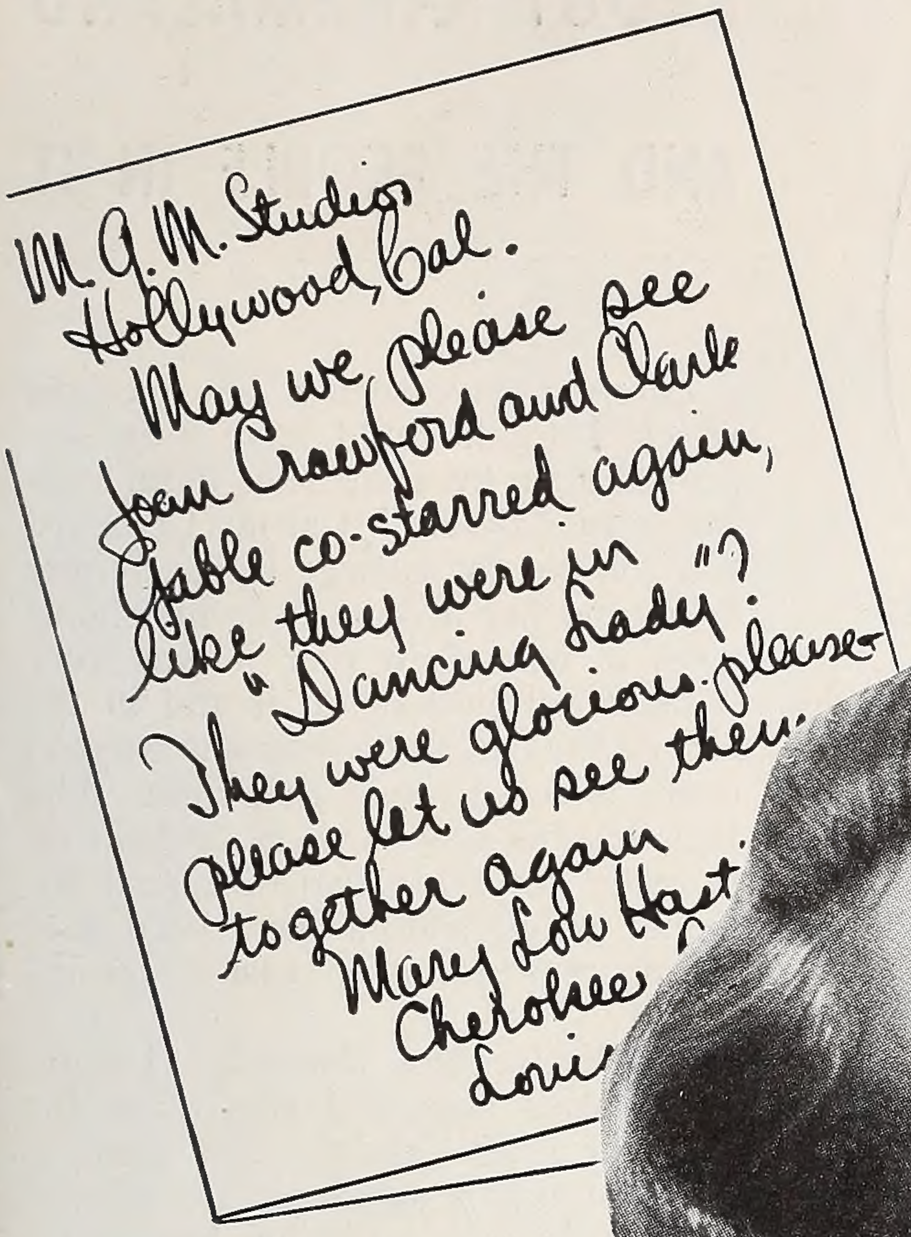
MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor

REGINA CANNON, Associate Editor ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

Published monthly and copyrighted 1934 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President, H. Meyer, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 8, No. 4, September, 1934. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $2.40 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.20 a year. Entered as second-class matter, September 18, 1930, at the Post office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"...they're together again!





JOAN *Crawford* CLARK *Gable*

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

• Produced by Hunt Stromberg •

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



WHAT THE FANS THINK ABOUT CINEMALAND AND THE PEOPLE IN IT

Lately I have seen a few pictures which I think could have been improved upon by more thoughtful casting. In "Bolero" Carole Lombard was too big for George Raft. Where he swung her around over his shoulders, it was plain that it was very difficult for him to do it and in the rest of the dancing scenes she was too near his size to look just right. The fact that his shoes had to be built up in order for these two to appear together at all should have been sufficient reason not to cast them together.

In "We're Not Dressing" I don't think Miss Lombard was quite the type for Bing Crosby. She seems a little too mature and sophisticated and I think she appears at her best opposite men more like her ex-husband, Bill Powell. I believe the type for Bing Crosby is someone as near like Dixie Lee as possible. We know that type appeals to him, or she wouldn't be Mrs. Crosby.

On the whole I am not a very critical movie fan. I go to be amused and



"George Raft's leading ladies should be more petite."

I almost always am, but these things have been on my mind for some time.

BETTER TREATMENT FOR POPULAR NOVELS

G. VINCENT, of New York, N. Y., writes us:

I am an avid reader and whenever Hollywood decides to film some

(*Continued on page 109*)

HOLLYWOOD A HICK TOWN?

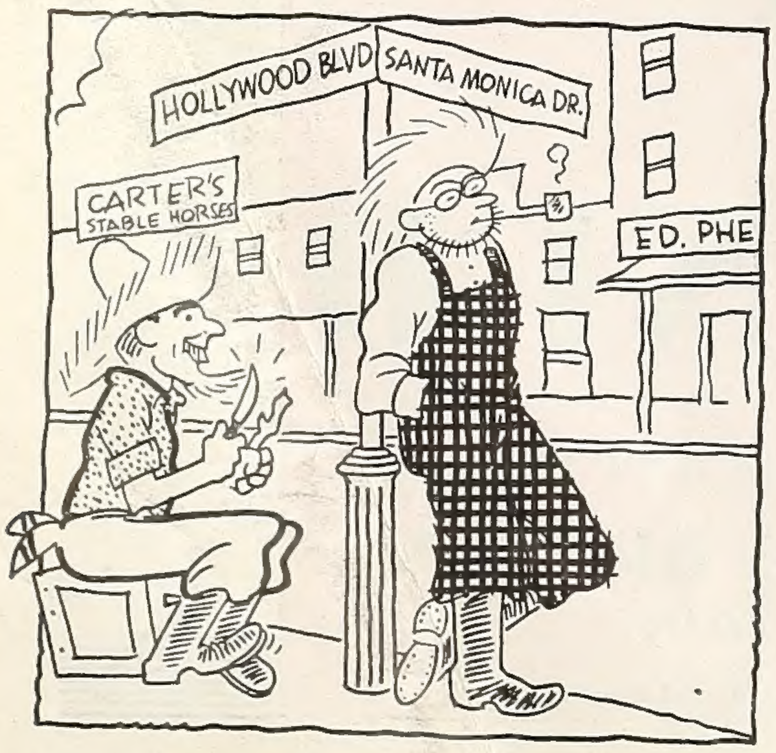
CATHARINE ANWEILER, of Kokomo, Indiana, makes some interesting deductions about Cinema City:

Hollywood reminds me of a hick town because in a hick town everyone knows what his neighbor has done, is doing and will do.

In a hick town if a boy calls on a girl twice in ten days people start guessing when the wedding will be. In Hollywood the story is printed in all the papers that Mr. Blank is "nerts" over Miss Blah, and the town waits for the marriage.

In a hick town every woman knows who bought a new outfit, where it was bought and how much it cost. In Hollywood when a star buys new clothes, she poses for a "sitting" and pictures of her new wardrobe are in every movie magazine.

"Hollywood has all the earmarks of a hick town."





"Movie versions of popular novels take lickings from directors."

In a hick town when a boy buys a girl a present every one knows what it is and what it cost. In Hollywood when a star receives a gift, the news is circulated and pictures of the girl, boy and present are published.

In a hick town every one knows that Mr. Blank socked Mrs. Blank and that she went home to mother. Both families are then at war. In Hollywood if a man socks his wife she leaves him. She hunts up her reporter friends and tells them things that make their eyes pop. Her husband does the same thing. And so the papers are filled with another Hollywood separation. (*Now all the "glamor" of Hollywood is gone for it seems to be just another over-grown village, after all!*)

CASTING AT FAULT

E. R., of Escondido, Calif., writes:

BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in "She Loves Me Not"
with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent



MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"



a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet

KITTY CARLISLE

PRINCETON

Paramount Pictures

"LOVE IN BLOOM," "I'M HUMMIN', I'M WHISTLIN', I'M SINGIN'"

Modern Screen's DRAMATIC SCHOOL





Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone—Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery. Stars who understand the dramatic importance of "timing."

Frank Borzage, director of the successful "Little Man, What Now?" He has many interesting and illuminating things to tell you in this article.

CONDUCTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

EVERYBODY can act!"

That was the startling statement that Director Frank Borzage made to me when I asked him to come to you through the pages of MODERN SCREEN and give you some sound advice about acting. And before I go on telling you the rest of the very fine and practical things he said, I want to say that you couldn't have a better dramatic instructor than Borzage.

He is one of the greatest directors in Hollywood. His career has stretched in a long succession of hits from "Seventh Heaven" to "Little Man, What Now?" And he has had some of his most magnificent triumphs directing boys and girls with very little acting experience, boys and girls who—like you—were just beginning to learn the dramatic art. That's one of the reasons I'm so thrilled at the opportunity of giving you the benefit of Borzage's knowledge.

I asked him to talk directly to *you,* to imagine that all you young people who believe you have great dramatic talent, who want to win success in your high school and college plays, who want to produce your own amateur theatricals or who simply want to enrich your lives by a great knowledge of the art of the drama—were in the room with him. "Tell these people whatever you think will be helpful," I said to him. I'm now passing on his words—and I think they're swell.

This is his message.

"I know that anybody can act. If you have the ability to feel emotion, you can act. And the greatest rule of all is this: Be natural!

"It is much easier for me to (*Continued on page 111*)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in Fannie Hurst's

Imitation of Life

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL

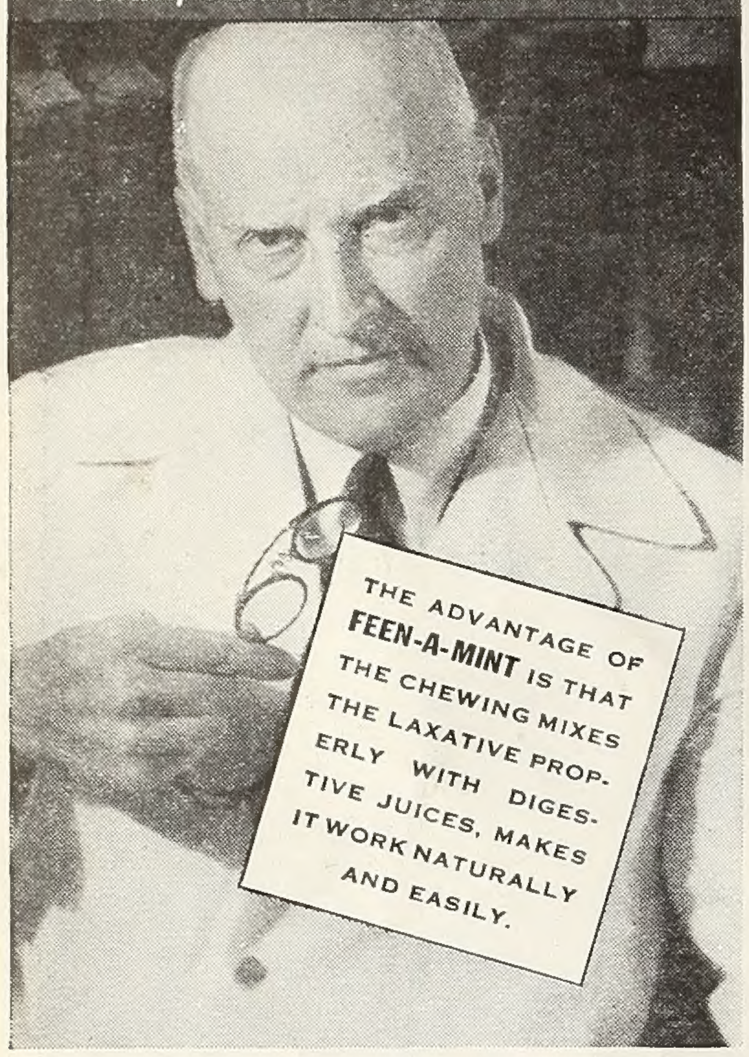
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED "BACK STREET" and "ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION FOUND IN USING LAXATIVE IN CHEWING-GUM FORM, SCIENCE REPORTS



Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the *lower* intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



BEAUTY ADVICE

(Above) Pretty Judith Allen, busy with a good hair tonic, fights "end of the summer" hair trouble.

BY MARY BIDDLE

Do You Know

That you should let your hair dry thoroughly after a shampoo, before setting a wave?

How to get rid of puffiness under the eyes?

A very simple trick to cure excessively oily hair?

These, and other fascinating things are told you in this helpful article.

NOW that the midsummer is past and it's getting a bit cool for the beach, it's time we all paused long enough to give ourselves a close inspection via the candid mirror. Just what damage has been done during those glorious days? Of course, you're full of vim, vigor and vitality and simply reeking with good health, *but* (and I do hate to bring this up) there is bound to be some damage done, too, after days spent under the glaring rays of the sun.

Your skin, for instance. How is it—that is, beneath that beautiful sun tan? Well, if you've been the least bit conscientious about using plenty of creams, it may not have suffered so much . . . so I won't go into that now. However, the thing that usually bears the brunt of punishment after a season at the seashore is the hair. The heat of the summer sun has probably drawn most of the life and vitality out of it and left the tresses brittle and dry and badly streaked. Salt water, too, is very hard on the hair and may be responsible for a lot of that brittleness and dryness. So —*now* is the time to start that rigorous campaign on the hair!

First, that parched and dried look must be remedied. For this there is nothing better than a series of hot oil shampoos. Now don't throw up your hands and cry: "Oh, but I really can't afford them," because it isn't necessary (*Continued on page 111*)

WARNER BROS.' "GOLD DIGGERS" FOR 1934!

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

★

Directed by **RAY ENRIGHT** of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

★

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

★

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN - KAHAL & FAIN - WRUBEL & DIXON



LET'S TALK ABOUT *Love*

This is a department for your personal problems. Don't you want to talk them over with an understanding and intelligent person who will treat them confidentially and give you the best advice she can? Write to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addresed envelope, please.



A boy and a girl—Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in "Dames."

BY ALICE VAN DORAN

HOW can I hold him," or "get him to call," or "to come oftener" is the close runner-up of your favorite question, "How can I be more popular?"

I'm talking now about those girls who are at the uncertain stage with a man; where there is, perhaps, competition, or else hesitation, on the man's part. Where the girl hopes to heaven he cares as much as she does—and at the same time would just about die if he somehow guessed how much she really does care.

It isn't quite the same thing, you know, to be popular—and to be sure of your man. It seems there are numbers of girls—nice-looking, sought after girls, too—who, if the truth were told, quiver and quake every time the phone rings, hoping it will be *he*—and almost knowing that it won't be. And nothing will make things right again until that buzz-buzz of the old phone almost certainly means it will be The One, and none other.

What good are the phone calls that go with popularity—if it isn't the Right One at the other end of the line?

Perhaps this is the trickiest love topic yet. When it comes to gently leading a certain man to the idea that he's serious about *you,* there aren't many rules and regulations about what the poor gal can do. Though there are plenty of "must nots" for just such a situation.

My contention is that many of you in this in-between, uncertain stage make one of two blunders—do one of two things; and do them too hard. Number one: Either you are so afraid that you might give the impression you are pursuing a man, that the minute he appears, you close up like a clam, and become the colorless shell of your usually appealing self, with the all too likely result that he is apt to wonder if *you* find *him* worth while. Now for blunder number two: The girl who lets the man see too early in the game that she's ready, eager, waiting, and won't he please notice her? Before that attitude, the man's likely to do a hasty retreat, feeling he may somehow commit himself too deeply, if he doesn't watch his step.

Yet here's a funny thing about rules—all rules, especially those on man-and-girl topics: You simply cannot lay down the law and say do this or do that; result guaranteed. There are always (*Continued on page* 110)

POINTING OUT THE BLUNDERS MANY OF US MAKE IN THE LOVE GAME

He'd be hanged if he'd kiss the Duchess *and he'd be hanged* if he didn't



The Duke wanted to straighten Cellini out . . . with a rope! The Duchess wanted him beheaded! Either way, he was in for a necking party. And he finally got it...in the Duchess' arms!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK *presents*

CONSTANCE
BENNETT

FREDRIC
MARCH



"*The* AFFAIRS *of* CELLINI"

with

Fay WRAY · Frank MORGAN

Directed by GREGORY La CAVA
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production

20th CENTURY PICTURE

TELLING TALES



Charles Ruggles would make a good sleuth, but he didn't track down this inside stuff.

BY THE INSIDER

She got him into the movies, hung him like unto a Christmas tree, with jewelry, and headed him for stardom. In fact, she has done just about everything but marry the gent. Which little item, she claims she *won't* do. But the damsel protesteth so often, apropos of nothing, that there are those meanies who think she's doing it in self-defense. They say — sh-h-h — that he never had a notion of meeting her at the altar during any stage of the game, and that his "keep her guessing" line is just what intrigues her.

Anyway, we won't have to wait long, for he'll be starred soon, because of her, and able to do the "telling off." If he is foolish enough to do so, his movie days will be numbered, for this little opportunist shows a minus sign when it comes to sex appeal and personality.

He's a bit of a show-off, too, and when he trekked east with his lady love recently, he threw a party for the boys who "knew him when." Don't be confused—'twas a mere gesture. He invited his guests to his sumptuous hotel suite to show 'em how the "other half" live. When his pals departed, he discovered several hundred dollars worth of silver and knick-knacks went with them.

But—that all came under the head of good, clean fun, for when he had settled the "loss" bill with the hotel, and arrived back in Hollywood, he found the loot at his door. The boys had crated it C.O.D. and attached a note which read, "Since you've paid for this, it must be yours."

That's what his friends think of him and his high-hatting proclivities. But the star; well, she's hypnotized, although occasionally, she comes "to" long enough to admit that he knows what he's getting!

Recently, he became a bit too uppity, so she pretended to interest herself in a foreign actor, who was only too willing to be "interested in." In fact, he made ready to check out his inamorata—just in case.

But Number 1, Head Man repented and the lady apologized to him for what he had done to her (that's love for you) and took him, who had never really departed, back.

And now, they say he's ready to go; in fact, has the little blonde all picked. For, just as soon as his name is fastened to a starring ticket, he himself can afford to be "taken." Meanwhile, his erstwhile fiancée is doing her best to stave off such a day. But it's in the cards, and it won't be long now before we read about a newly-made star and a popular one with a nervous breakdown.

She has always had her own way about everything, and even now, insofar as men are concerned, she has a "second choice" to fall back on; a choice that one little Hollywood ingenue would give her successful career to wed.

But the "second choice" willingly waits until his middle-aged dream girl comes to a decision. He's been on and off like the lid of a stove with her for years now. When the "romance" is on, he's in seventh heaven and when it's off he's bluer than a Ruth Etting top note.

This woman has had quite a private life. She divorced one husband for another and proceeded to give Number Two, never noted for his histrionic ability, a helping hand along the rocky movie way. What with making pictures and submerging his famous wife's personality, the gentleman found himself very busy. What to do next? Go social, of course. And it wasn't long before he became the biggest tiara-chaser

NO NAMES MENTIONED BUT YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY FUN GUESSING!

there ever was out there on the coast.

Meanwhile the wife clung graspingly with one hand to a fast-waning career, and with the other to her great big wandering he-man. They made trips together and separately. She met his phoney friends and pretended to be impressed. She did about everything to recapture his interest, but—nothing doing as far as he was concerned.

Then she took unto herself a handsome youth, sort of "jealousy bait." But hubby didn't rise to it; in fact, his very silence denoted that he approved.

While her private life was featuring more ups and downs than a scenic railway, her professional one was running it a close second. Everyone but the lady herself knew that her career had finished long before the talkies became the excuse for flopping of those who failed to hold their own in the galloping snapshots.

True, she made a couple of attempts at comebacks, but since, as an actress she was a great personality, these proved pretty poor efforts. Yet she couldn't resign herself to living in the luxury her years of favoritism provided for her. The limelight is so dear to her that she has even developed into a veritable publicity hound. Thus both her husband and her career drifted simultaneously and plenty of unhappiness set in.

This state of affairs continued, until recently the actor-husband wrote his long-suffering wife how much he missed her and needed her help. Well, mutual friends agreed, the latter was true anyway.

The "little woman" was so pleased she hastily gave her young man the air once more, and he went back to his ingenue for consolation. But, just as the big star thought hubby would be around in person for a reconciliation, she read that he was going places and seeing things with a gay gal who liked to go places and see things.

She discounted the stories as so much newspaper talk, but upon getting in touch with her wandering spouse, she learned that he would like to see her in the future, but as a pal—not a wife!

Was she mortified and humiliated? A couple of "yeses." She picked up the phone and summoned her boy back and—he came running. Now, those claiming to be in the know, say the pair will be wed as soon as the woman's divorce is granted. She's at last accepted the fact that her screen career is over and a second choice sentimental attachment is better than none.

Such is bee-oo-tiful off-the-screen romance in the Hollywood hills!





"Tattle-tale gray" in the clothes you wash. Here's what that means . . .

Clothes that look foggy and gray. Clothes that say plain as plain can be—"*We aren't really clean.*"

Who's to blame when clothes get that way? More often than not, it's "trick" soap. For no matter how hard *you* work and rub, "trick" soaps can't get out ALL the dirt. Neither can "cheap" soaps!

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap and see what a glorious difference! When it tackles the wash, dirt *can't* stay in. Out it goes—every last speck of it! For Fels-Naptha is full-of-action soap! *Golden* soap that's richer—*with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha added.*

Two lively helpers instead of one! Together, they get clothes clean clear through and *sparkling white!*

And the beauty of it is, Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Douse your frilliest things in Fels-Naptha's suds—silk stockings, filmy lingerie, even your pet woolens. Just swish the bar in your basin till the water's good and sudsy—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to dainty garments. (And that's what turns brown under the iron, you know.)



Fels-Naptha Soap is specially easy on hands, too. For there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Use it YOUR way!

Fels-Naptha boils or soaks clothes beautifully. It washes clean in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It does fine work in the tub. And as for washing machines, women who *know* from experience—women who have tried all kinds of soaps—say nothing beats Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get a few bars at your grocer's.

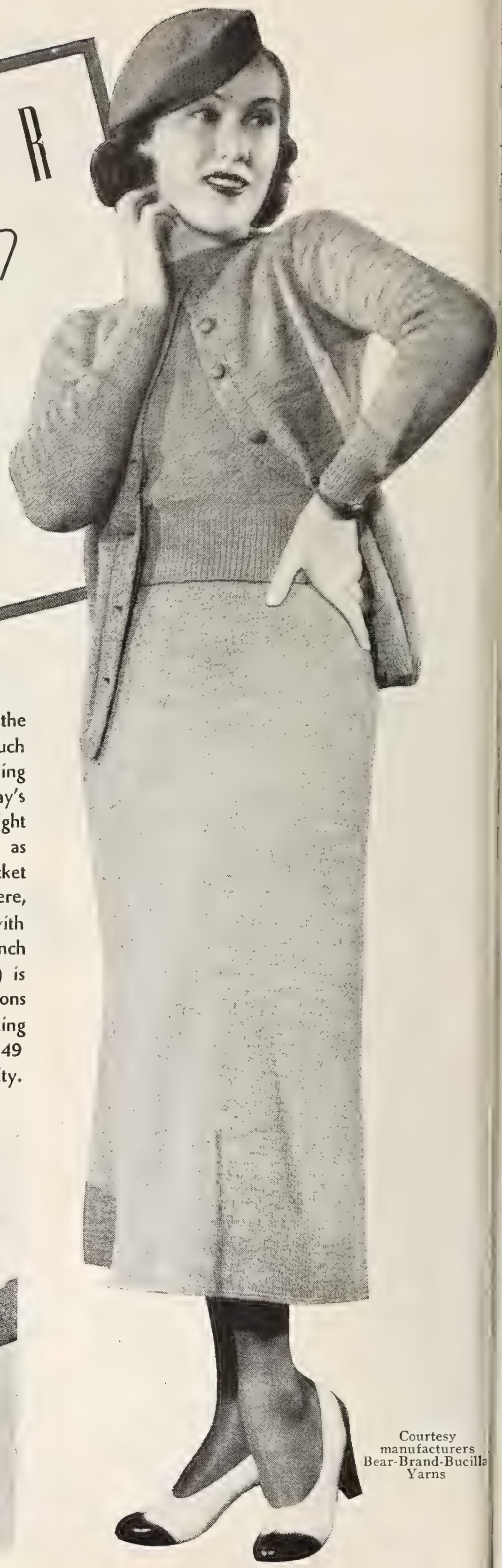
© 1934, FELS & CO.

EVERYBODY NOTICES "Tattle-Tale Gray"

. . . BANISH IT WITH Fels-Naptha Soap!

'TEND TO YOUR *knitting!*

EASY TO LEARN—FUN TO DO—SMART TO WEAR! READ THIS





Knit your own—that is the motto of the day. So much less expensive than buying hand-knit things! Fay Wray's three-piece suit at the right isn't nearly as complicated as it looks. The skirt and jacket are knitted from gray Kassimere, the little blouse that goes with them from rose-colored French zephyr. The hat (below) is gray. Complete instructions may be obtained by writing to MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.



Now here is something (above) that beginners could tackle with safety. Ann Sothern's little blouse won't take a great deal of time, either. It is done in yellow wool, trimmed with a border of Germantown yarn. The instructions, as we said before, can be had by writing to this magazine.

Courtesy manufacturers Bear-Brand-Bucilla Yarns

THE MODERN HOSTESS



Johnny Mack Brown is satisfying the ravishing appetites of a crowd of friends—can you identify them?—after a brisk game of tennis. A few more than he expected turned up but this did not faze the Browns, for their kitchen shelves are always stocked up with just such emergency dishes as you see below.



BY PHYLLIS DEEN-DUNNING

WHATEVER else it may be, Hollywood is no haven for hostesses. People have a habit of dropping in on their way to somebody else's house, liking it, and staying on. Or your best friend calls up and asks if she can bring a flock of house guests over for a swim in your pool or a game on your tennis court. And at supper time there they are, peacefully reclining in sun chairs in your patio, sipping long cold drinks and having such a grand time that you want them to stay on and they'd obviously adore to. All of which makes for lots of opportunities for slick impromptu parties *if* you are smart and have plenty of food in the house. And the experienced Hollywood hostess always has!

Open the door of one of the supply cabinets of Hollywood's popular hostesses and you will find squads of cans, regiments of packaged products and loads of bottled foods, all waiting to be thrown into the breach at a moment's notice. Living as so many of them do, on top of a hill, in some remote place, or at the beach, they prefer to have these supplies on hand rather than to depend at the last minute on such uncertain helps as the telephone and the delivery wagon. And very wise, too!

I had a chance to inspect the interior of the supply closet at the Johnny Mack Browns' the other day. A crowd of us had gone over for a game of tennis on their beautiful tennis court and Mrs. Brown bade us all remain and take pot luck with them—an invitation which was eagerly pounced upon by every one.

With considerable curiosity I trailed Mrs. Brown out to the kitchen while she conferred with the cook. She assured her very calmly that nothing which had been prepared for the family could possibly be stretched to cope with the capacities of twelve or more hungry people. So Mrs. Brown told the cook just to save that meal for the next day. And then, flinging wide open the doors of her emergency closet, she disclosed to view the following array of edibles and drinkables:

SANDWICHES and canapé materials: Prepared sandwich spreads; sardines; jams, jellies and marmalades; potted and devilled meats; peanut butter and apple butter; anchovy paste; caviar; assorted cheeses.

Relishes and condiments: Sweet pickles, mixed pickles, dill pickles, pickled (*Continued on page 93*)

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season

THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!

The WORLD MOVES ON with Madeleine Carroll Franchot Tone

HAROLD LLOYD in **"The CATS-PAW"**

SAY, POP, LETS ALL SEE "THE CATS-PAW."

ZANE GREY'S **The DUDE RANGER** with George O'Brien

Janet GAYNOR and **LEW AYRES** in **"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"** with Ned Sparks · Walter Connolly

THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.

CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON with Warner Oland

SERENADE with "Pat" Paterson · Nils Asther · Herbert Mundin · Harry Green

MARIE GALANTE with Spencer Tracy · Ketti Gallian · Ned Sparks · Stepin Fetchit

WILL ROGERS in **"JUDGE PRIEST"**

LIFE BEGINS at FORTY

CARAVAN with Charles Boyer · Loretta Young · Jean Parker

The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

FOX



Elissa LANDI

Here is a young woman as famous for her wit and charm as for her histrionic talent and writing ability. With beauty thrown in just for good measure, it looks as if she has just about everything, doesn't it? She appears in Paramount's "The Great Flirtation," which sounds sort of sophisticated and, therefore, Landi-ish. However, when the cameras aren't focused on her, Elissa turns to the simple life. She spends a few hours a day gardening and is as proud as Punch of her posies, and girls, here's an interesting note—the lady is violently opposed to dieting.

MARION DAVIES



She's a great little pal to those who have plenty and a veritable Lady Bountiful to those in need, for Marion probably has a heart as big as Hollywood itself, which takes in a great deal of territory, you'll admit, if you know your California. She has been tripping abroad this summer enjoying her first real vacation in a long time. Before departing, however, the young lady conscientiously hung around the studio for retakes on "Operator 13," in which Gary Cooper can be seen opposite her. Her dressing-room bungalow has just been redecorated in sumptuous modernistic style in a color scheme of peach and silver. Mm-yum!

WILLIAM POWELL



Every player who's been having time off has been going places, and the sleek-looking Bill is no exception to the general rule. He's been spending his happy days cruising in Mexican waters with a party of bachelor boys. That's his idea of relaxation and a swell time in general, for the Powell is a devotee of the easy life. This, despite the fact that he is generally known as the best dressed man in town. Even if he is an exponent of sartorial splendor, he still goes in for comfortable old clothes. Bill will next be seen in "The Casino Murder Case," for M-G-M, after which, he is to make "The Great Ziegfeld," for Universal.

HERBERT MARSHALL

Even though he isn't the "palsy-walsy" type, he has a great many friends and a tremendous fan following. Being a consistently good performer, he is constantly in demand by feminine stars who are smart enough to realize the importance of adequate support in a picture. You will see him soon with Constance Bennett in "The Green Hat," and later opposite the Great Greta in "Painted Veils." These, you'll admit, are a couple of nifty cinematic assignments calculated to keep a feller somewhere on the movie heights. Bartie is a reserved gentleman by nature and counts only Ronald Colman and Clive Brook as his intimates.



CONSTANCE BENNETT

When she finishes "The Green Hat" at M-G-M, La Bennett will temporarily park her make-up box and take that vacation she's been promising herself these many moons. She is going to carry her camera with her, for Constance is addicted to "snap-shotting" as she goes. Thus when it is time to return to the studio grind she'll have a record of happy days. She assembles the negatives and has home movies. There's an ingenious little lady for you. After the rest cure, she is to make two more pictures for Twentieth Century—"The Red Cat" with Fredric March (she did "Cellini" with him, too) and "It Had to Happen," with Mr. Gable.





Myrna LOY



Possibly more people know less concerning Myrna than about any other young woman in Hollywood. For, Miss Loy has a way of keeping to herself and minding her own business and expects the same courtesy from her associates. She has evolved from a weirdly-headgeared gal, playing exotic half-castes, to a drawing-room damsel of sophistication and poise. More than that, she has become an actress of merit. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thinks pretty well of their Myrna, you know, and so they featured her in "The Thin Man" and "Stamboul Quest," the latter with George Brent, long absent from the screen.



Cary GRANT

Ever since his return from Europe, Paramount has kept this gentleman busy—sorta makin' up for lost time, perhaps. Anyway, no sooner had he finished "Kiss and Make Up" than he started work in "Ladies Should Listen." He spends his away-from-the-studio days at the beach and is tan enough to pass for a South Seas native. Cary is mechanical-minded and subscribes to every magazine that tells "how to take it apart and put it together again"—and with no pieces left over either! His beauteous blonde wife, as you may know, is Virginia Cherrill.



Illustrated by
Jack Floherty, Jr

Hepburn, Burke and Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement."

Lombard, Barrymore, Connolly and Karns in "Twentieth Century."

Ann Harding and John Boles in "The Life of Vergie Winters."

THE BOX OFFICE PROVES THESE FILMS ENTERTAINED YOU. YET, IF THE

IS entertainment doomed?

At the moment, there are countless thousands, banded together by a dictatorial minority, who are making a determined effort to tell the majority what shall be called entertainment—and to foist off upon that majority something which the majority has gone to no little pains to prove is not *complete* entertainment.

Are we, the movie fans of the nation, going to sit back and scoff at such a movement? Are we going to say, as so many other majorities have said to their sorrow: "They can't get away with it. This reform idea will never get anywhere. We can sit back and take things easy. No individual, no organization of individuals will ever become strong enough to actually succeed in removing from our beloved motion pictures: strength,, reality, robust qualities and other entertaining features which we enjoy."

Don't fool yourself.

Already, great organizations are demanding of their many members: "Stay away from all motion pictures!" When such organizations are approached by Hollywood and the theatre owners with: "Please tell your people to see the pictures which you believe come within your ideals, the answer has been, 'No!' We have banned *all* pictures —the good must suffer with the bad, until the bad is removed." This, from an organization which has always preached: "The good shall *not* suffer with the bad. Just because certain of our own members do and say things which we know to be bad is no reason for condemning us as a body."

The movies are facing a fight, a fight for existence. This may sound like strong language, unwarranted by conditions, but you may rest assured that it is true. We who love our movies and who look to them, almost exclusively, for our entertainment and relaxation must rise and fight for them, or else face the actual and certain possibility of losing them altogether. For just as soon as Hollywood is forced to make motion pictures that will satisfy the moral indictment of a chosen few, then will

R OUR MOVIES...!

BY WALTER RAMSEY

THE INFANT INDUSTRY IS THREATENED! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SAVE IT FROM A FATE WHICH MAY MEAN OBLIVION FOR PICTURES!



Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Queen Christina."



Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer in "Riptide."



Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill."

CENSORS RULED, YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO SEE THEM!

be the *end* of your motion picture entertainment.

MOTION pictures cost too much to be made for a certain few. They must be made to conform with the needs, desires and morals of the great majority, always being desirous to offend no one. It has been truthfully stated by a man high up in Hollywood affairs, "The minority doesn't seem to realize that if we are forced to make pictures merely for them that we shall be so financially embarrassed at the end of one year that we shall be unable to make even those pictures."

We have all read much lately concerning this movement against motion pictures and we are quite sure of the meaning of the words used so often: "sinister influence, vile and filthy, condoning sex scenes and scoffing at the sanctity of marriage." What do these people propose we shall have as entertainment; we the teeming millions who go to the movies and are laughingly referred to in this fight as "the majority"; we who have memories of beautiful moments in the motion picture theatre; who look back upon the pictures we have seen with thanks; we who look to the movies as our only ally in our constant fight against the monotony and struggle of our every day existence?

Let us take a look at the record.

For years Hollywood has kept a close check on the motion picture with an eye toward ascertaining what type of entertainment the majority really want. This record is compiled at the close of each entertainment year and is headed by the "Ten Best Pictures of the Year," which are merely the pictures that the vast majority stamped with their only stamp of approval—at the box office.

Hollywood has always been proud of its ten best pictures, always with an eye toward the winners to find what had caused the tremendous public rush of approval. Hollywood realizes, and bows with the highest regard, to the fact that no amount of newspaper magazine or radio advertising will cause the people to go en masse to a particular picture. True, it might influence a group toward attendance, but the (*Continued on page 76*)

IS VON STERNBERG

BY KATHERINE ALBERT



YOU have only to look at Marlene Dietrich's face, only to hear her talk, to know that she is an unhappy woman, but it occurred to me, as I sat watching her latest picture, "The Scarlet Empress," that she would be less unhappy if she fired her director, Josef Von Sternberg.

To Marlene the idea is incredible. She does not—or will not—realize that now she is much greater than he, in spite of the fact that her studio has told her that in almost those words. Anyone who witnesses "The Scarlet Empress" must realize it.

Just listen to these truths:

While working on "The Scarlet Empress," Von Sternberg rehearsed John Lodge in one particular scene at least

(Left) Joseph Von Sternberg. He discovered Dietrich. He made two magnificent pictures with her. A superb cameraman. A disciple—an overenthusiastic one—of "restraint." His latest directorial effort, "The Scarlet Empress" should be seen by all of you, just to prove what too much "restraint" can do. (Below) A cluttered and depressing scene from "The Scarlet Empress."



RUINING MARLENE?

HAS HIS PROFESSIONAL DOMINANCE OVER THE LOVELY DIETRICH KILLED HER ACTING ABILITY AND BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION?





Lovely, glamorous Marlene. A vibrant, exciting woman. Is she doomed to actionless, dreary pictures? (Left) Another scene from the picture. Can you find Marlene and John Lodge?

fifteen times as is his custom. At the end of rehearsal Lodge turned to Dietrich and said, "I've got the jitters. I must be a rotten actor to require so much rehearsing."

Dietrich answered, "It doesn't prove that at all. He rehearses me just as much."

Once—and only once—Dietrich had the temerity to change *one* word of dialogue and the assembled actors and actresses were treated to a tirade of abuse which is still remembered. Von Sternberg stopped shooting, began to tear his hair, marched up and down the set and, pointing at Dietrich, shouted, "Have I created a Frankenstein?" All because she changed a single word of dialogue!

Only once has Dietrich been directed by another man. But Mamoulian—who wielded the megaphone on "Song of Songs"—has the Continental viewpoint so thoroughly and is so schooled in a tradition similar to Von Sternberg's that it was not a fair test for Dietrich's acting ability.

While "Song of Songs" was being filmed, they say that Von Sternberg remarked, "I don't think it is a good story and I doubt if Miss Dietrich will make the picture." When asked what Dietrich's reaction to the story was, he thundered, "Miss Dietrich will think as I think—*naturally!*"

When Dietrich is away from Von Sternberg, she can be gay and carefree. With him, she is silent and morose and her manner changes when he enters the room. Someone asked her if she were afraid of him. This, they say, was her reply: "No, not exactly afraid—but he is always correcting me and I'll do almost anything to keep away from his continual nagging."

And yet she has autographed a picture of herself to him like this: "To Joe from Marlene. Without you *nothing*, with you *everything*." (*Continued on page* 82)

SUPPOSE YOU WERE GARY'S wife...!

BY RUTH BIERY



WOULD YOU BE DEMANDING AND POSSESSIVE—OR WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE A LONE WOLF WHEN YOU MARRIED ONE, AND PLAY HIS GAME?

THERE is nothing more difficult than slipping from sublimity to realism—from the rainbow honeymoon into every day monotones of existence. The Gary Coopers are now undergoing this transition.

It is foolish to pay attention to idle Hollywood gossip except when it sounds logical from personal observation of the people about whom Hollywood is talking. During the last twenty-four hours, I have been whispered to, twice, "The Gary Coopers will be getting a divorce soon." I don't believe it for a moment. But I do believe they have reached the stage where they may be using the word "divorce" in arguments, exactly as Lupe and Johnny used it when they first descended from sublimity to realism. And I do believe this union might easily slip into disunion if Sandra Shaw Cooper doesn't understand thoroughly the character and "differences" of the man she married.

In Hollywood, this will be stamped as a "dangerous" story because the Coopers have stated definitely that they do not and will not have their personal affairs discussed by writers. "Our marriage is our own and nobody else's business." This is partially because Veronica Balfe Cooper, with her New York "best family" rearing and sheltered, schoolgirl training, believes her standards are the "right" ones. To talk about marriage would not be "correct" according to what she has been taught since her first gurgle from a satin-and-down cradle. To live in a home with huge lions and bears and stuffed birds strung around your living-room would not be "correct" either.

But Hollywood talks about marriages because Hollywood is a public institution. It belongs, first, to the people who support it in silks and laces and secondly, to itself. And Gary Cooper had always had lions and bears and stuffed birds around his living-room because he belonged, first, to the great open spaces. What is "correct" has never bothered

(*Continued on page* 85)

The "other woman" in Mrs. Cooper's life is probably Shirley Temple. Here she is with her adored Gary in "Now and Forever."

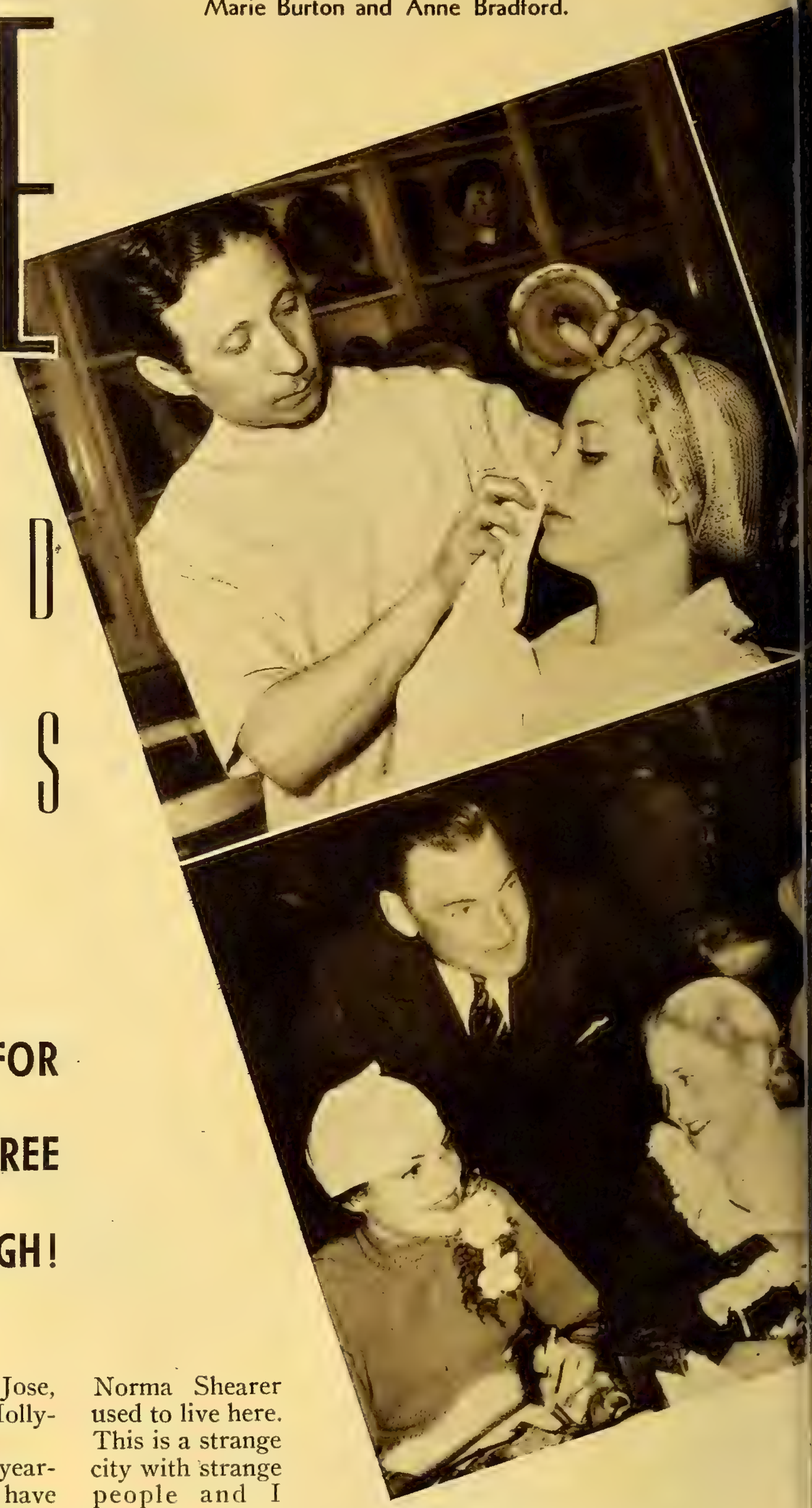


The Gary Coopers when they were on their ranch, living the life of the great outdoors—and loving it. The newlyweds are enthusiastic equestrians and tear around the San Fernando Valley like a coupla Paul Reveres.

ONE GIRL'S TRUE HOLLYWOOD EXPERIENCES

PART 2

Abe Shore, one of the famous Perc Westmore's assistants, made up Eva for her first screen test. And, below, she crashes Hollywood night life. Buck Jones, you see, was there, and the gals with them are Marie Burton and Anne Bradford.



MUST ONE "PAY THE PRICE" FOR SCREEN SUCCESS? EVA BERYL TREE TELLS WHAT SHE'S BEEN THROUGH!

THIS is the story of Eva Beryl Tree, the San Jose, California girl MODERN SCREEN sent to Hollywood. Here's how it was done.

We wanted to know just what a twenty-year-old unknown, with screen ambitions, would have to go through to make the grade in movies. And so, we asked Hugh Gillis, an instructor at a State School in San Jose to help us find such a girl. Miss Tree was the lucky lady and, supplied with $300 and a three-months' opportunity, we sent her on her way. She was to tell no one the circumstances of her entry into the movie city, and to keep a diary relating to us, and to our readers, everything that happened to her. Here is the synopsis of the first chapter of her experiences:

"January 30th—Found an apartment and moved in. Norma Shearer used to live here. This is a strange city with strange people and I cried myself to sleep through sheer loneliness. My eyes were swollen red next day.

"January 31st—Went to Paramount, where I met the casting director. He told me he would phone if he needed me as an extra. Then I visited Columbia, where the Casting Director's pretty secretary slipped me through to see him. He also promised to phone me and I sat at home waiting for that call. Oh, the misery of that endless waiting! Finally, the director, Mr. Kelly, asked me to



Here is Eva dining at the Cocoanut Grove where the stars go to play. Right, a strip of film from her test. She tried to smile but wasn't very successful.

BY EVA BERYL TREE

AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

make a test, on a Monday, and on that same day Sid Brown, a Hollywood acquaintance, invited me to dine.

I COULDN'T wait the three days until Monday, when Columbia had dated me for my first test. So, on the Friday morning before, I looked into my clothes closet, where hung everything I owned to wear. I saw that little brown dress with the green trimmings and the cocky little green pancake hat and the green gloves that went with it, and I remembered that no other dress I'd ever owned made me feel as self-confident as that one when I wore it. So I put it on.

And that's the day I wrote in my diary: "Got a contract offer today from Columbia."

Maybe I didn't tell you about this before—but Dan Kelly, that grand young Irishman who was the first casting director I'd met in town, had already been replaced at Columbia. Now there was a casting director named Perlberg. Kelly had introduced me to him a few days before.

Well, no sooner did I step into the casting office that Friday than I was ushered right into Perlberg's office. He was a large, dark man.

"How are you, Miss Tree?" he asked. "And what brings you here today?"

"I'm fine and I just got curious as to what's in store for me." He grinned. At my impatience, I suppose.

"Well, I believe that you might get a job out here." My heart stopped for a moment and then seemed to choke me. "In fact, I'm thinking of (*Continued on page 78*)

GUARANTEED STERLING







When a picture is good, they make it better. When a picture is weak, they give it strength. Therefore, this small tribute to (left) that gorgeously funny lady, Edna May Oliver, now adding zest to "We're Rich Again" and "The Last Gentleman." Walter Connolly and Frank Morgan (above) have, respectively, augmented the laughs in "20th Century" and "Cellini." Columbia is starring Connolly in "Whom the Gods Destroy." Morgan is doing "There's Always Tomorrow" and "By Your Leave." (Below) That flustered comedienne, Mary Boland, will be making you chuckle in "Here Comes the Groom," "Her Master's Voice" and "Down to Their Last Yacht."





Kay Francis dropped into town just long enough to do some hasty shopping and board the "Rex" for a vacation in Italy.



THEY VISIT NEW YORK



BY REGINA CANNON



But Fay Wray came to work in "A Woman in the Dark" up at the old Biograph. Ralph Bellamy's in it, too.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S lil' village, our own New York, is coming into its own as a picture-producing center once more. It's been a long time since movies were made here, but things are certainly humming now in a big cinematic way.

Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, those two Bright Boys who write stories and dialogue and do a little kidding about the industry on the side, are producing at Paramount's Long Island studio, and a group of enterprising gents, calling themselves Select (with no intent to Ritz) are busy way up thar in the Bronx at the old Biograph.

Warners are still turning out two-reelers at their Vitaphone plant in Brooklyn and so, you see, things are picking up, which is good news to everybody from the camera crew to the cast.

The Hecht-MacArthur opus is called "Murder Without Passion"; well, without much passion anna-hoo. The day we visited the studio there were some snappy little blonde dolls recruited from a Broadway night club to inject sumpin' into the story—and we don't think it was the murder.

The cast includes such unfamiliar-to-movie-goers names as Claude Raines, Whitney Bourne and a dancer called, Margot. But the extras! Just draw up your chairs and learn something! Helen Hayes and Fanny Brice were among 'em, and prominently parked before the cameras, too. You see, Helen is Mrs. MacArthur when the pair are up at the old homestead in Nyack, and when they're not, too, come to think of it.

Charlie plays a bit in the picture also, and we understand that, upon seeing the rushes, Miss Hayes advised her husband to stick to writing. Maybe it was professional jealousy on Helen's part, but then an awful lot of witnesses thought it wasn't, so there you are!

Mr. Raines was busy getting ready to do a close-up when we arrived. They had a tape measure and were gauging the distance between his nose and the camera or the cafeteria or the side door or something. The delay was beginning to get the electricians down, when suddenly it was discovered that Mr. Raines would not emote while Miss Margot was on the set. Heaven help the industry, if Claude should crash through with a performance. It might bring to mind the old Pola Negri days!

Miss Margot, by the way, is a very intense little person. She goes out of her way to please. She crashed the cast in a strange manner, having come over to the studio with a girl who was applying for a job. Margot got it, and feels sorta guilty even yet.

BUT Whitney Bourne's is the strangest story of all. She's a society girl; one of the guaranteed, gilt-edged kind who doesn't want anyone to know her name is in the Blue Book.

Our prediction is that she'll be a great hit in the picture—or a dismal flop. Miss Bourne could not be mediocre. She's not the type. She's distinctive and attractive and her sense of humor is in the A plus class. But, she's emotional—very. And therein lies a tale.

Having appeared in a coupla Broadway failures and acquitted herself excellently in them, scouts from every (*Continued on page 108*)



Good News

IT'S UNREELED FOR YOU HERE! ALL THE LATEST GOSSIP ABOUT THE STARS AND SATELLITES

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY has taken Marlene Dietrich to dine at the Russian Eagle two Sundays in a row! Here is surely something new under the Hollywood sun.

As this is written it appears that the breach between Marlene and Josef Von Sternberg is growing wider. The critics' reviews of "The Scarlet Empress" are said to have been the last straw. Almost to a man (and woman) they agreed that Dietrich's stunning personality was completely submerged in the maze of Von Sternberg's gargoyles and the loud symbolic music. (Apropos of this, be sure to read the story on page 28.)

Dietrich and Von Sternberg are not actually on the "outs." That is, they still speak, and occasionally even appear in public. But "they say" the real tie between the star and producer has been broken, and the end of her Paramount contract may see the ending of their professional alliance.

They also say Von Sternberg has not yet forgiven Marlene for accompanying Carole Lombard on the set of "Twentieth Century" the day John Barrymore went through his Von Sternberg antics (muffler and all) and Marlene laughed, and appeared to enjoy the burlesque immensely.



Romances are off and romances are on, but Loretta Young's and Spencer Tracy's goes on and on. Here they are dining at the Grove.

WE hear that Richard Dix won enough on the Max Baer-Primo Carnera fight to retire from the movies—if he cares to!

After so many years that even the newspaper men lost count (some calling it their "thirteen-year-marriage" and others their "sixteen") Thelma

Fred Astaire and his wife arrive in Talkie Town, where he'll make "The Gay Divorce" for RKO. He did the play on Broadway, too.



Merry-Go-Round

Rae Colman has at last sued Ronald Colman for divorce. Purely as a matter of statistics, the Colmans have been "married" eleven years, the event taking place in England in 1923. For a little over nine years they have lived apart and, except in those rare instances when rumors have cropped up that Mrs. Colman was going to sue, many of his fans have actually forgotten that Ronnie was not a bachelor.

Though Ronnie refuses to discuss his divorce, it is believed that he made a generous settlement on Mrs. Colman last year during his vacation trip to Europe, and it was expected that she would file suit immediately, at that time.

The eight months' delay was due to the fact that Mrs. Colman was stricken ill in Italy and for awhile the doctors held no hope for her life. Her convalescence was slow, but immediately upon regaining her health she returned to London, where she charged "desertion" in the actual filing of her long-delayed divorce action.



The charming lady seated on Otto Kruger's knee is his little daughter, Ottilie, at the Gleason's party.



And here is Janet Gaynor with Jimmy Gleason, the host. Looks as if the affair must have been quite sumpin', doesn't it?



Good News

The Clark Gables at the fights. Clark became a Shriner recently. The initiation was that rough! He was all scwatched up.

ACCORDING to a newspaper man, Joan Crawford's reply to his accusation that she had gone "arty" was, "Arty? Nertz!" Not very elegant, but it is the most natural remark we have heard credited to Miss Crawford since her dancing girl days.

GARBO GETS PAL-LY

The entire M-G-M studio has been in an uproar lately because none other than Greta Garbo has been taking a "busman's holiday" around the lot. In other words, Greta, who is between pictures, is dropping over on the sets of other stars and watching them at work.

Three visits by Garbo to the "Merry Widow" company were just about more than the natives could stand. And what's more she stayed for a long time, visiting with Maurice Chevalier and her old friend, Ernst Lubitsch. The word is out that Garbo would like very much to have Ernst direct a picture for her soon. "Queen Christina" was not the howling success she would have liked it to be, and besides, she appears to be taking the exhibitors' reports that "Garbo pictures are too sad and depressing" very much to heart. No director in Hollywood can handle light sophistication like the master, Lubitsch.

Another company frequently visited by Garbo was Norma Shearer's "Barretts of Wimpole Street." The day Greta dropped over to see Norma, she was wearing a stunning gray sports suit, with gray accessories and

a gray linen handkerchief, smartly initialed in navy blue "G. G."

What do you make of all this palling around?

BELIEVE it or not, Virginia Bruce Gilbert and John Gilbert write very ardent love letters to one another every week in spite of their divorce. Many divorced stars stay friends in Hollywood, but this is the first case on record of their remaining sweethearts.

Easy-going, amiable Gary Cooper has put his foot down (probably for the first time in his life) and absolutely refused to give out any stories on his marriage to Sandra Shaw, or even permit reporters to describe their home, or home life. (He broke down for MODERN SCREEN, though, as you'll see if you turn to page 30.)

One of Gary's reasons for putting the veto on future interviews is that too much has already been written about Hollywood marriages and that it is bad luck to brag about happiness.

But another guess has it that Gary is a little worried over the slumping off of his fan mail since his marriage. There were three girl fans, in particular, who had written to Gary ever since his lanky shadow first appeared on the screen. These three were devout Cooper followers.

But since his marriage, their ardent letters have ceased, and they say this has Big Coop worried just a little. It is rumored Gary's next step will be to try to persuade the candid cameramen who haunt Hollywood social events to pass up pictures of him posed with his wife.

WALTER WINCHELL writes: "Herbert Marshall is being talked out of his pashtime for Gloria Swanson."

We don't know whether "Bart" is being talked out of it, but he is certainly being talked to about it by everyone who can get his ear. And is he burned up about what he calls this "impudent meddling" in his private affairs.



The recent passing of the lovely Dorothy Dell shocked and saddened Hollywood. That such youth, beauty and talent should be lost to the screen is indeed a great pity. Dorothy's short career ended when an automobile in which she was driving crashed into a post, causing the sudden and untimely end that has left a void in the Cinema City.



Emanuel Cohen, Mae West and Ernst Lubitsch, at the Paramount theatre men's convention.

BEN SPEAKS HIS PIECE!

Ben Hecht, who is called the Max Baer of the writing profession, gave a talk to the writing class at Columbia recently in which he outlined the three great obstacles a writer faces in Hollywood: (1) The director (2) the star (3) the studio boss. Hecht claims that the Boss is the least needed of all; next the stars (because he claims that the real actors are among the supporting casts), and lastly, the directors. Ben went on to explain that he thought all these matters would soon be cleared up. "The directors will be demoted to the place occupied by a stage director; stars will have to merit that title with acting rather than with personality and the bankers will no doubt get tired of waiting for the bosses to work out of the hole they themselves dug." Which is to the point, if nothing else.

RUTH CHATTERTON and Grace Moore were getting along swell with their sun-bathing on the Chatterton roof garden until one of the local aviators got hep to the idea and has taken to circling daily over the roof, far below the 1000 foot altitude he is supposed to maintain!

Alice White never seemed to realize how gorgeous her legs were until she was roundly criticized by Josef Von Sternberg for sitting with her underpinnings crossed "in a very unladylike manner." Now, she has them insured for one million dollars, no doubt figuring if her legs can upset the gent who has been looking at "Legs" Dietrich, she's got sumpun!

JUST when Loretta Young was set for her M-G-M picture, "Hide-Out," she was forced to have a minor operation and lost the part. The little matter of a week-in-the-hospital not only affected Loretta, but Maureen O'Sullivan as well. Maureen was ready to leave for Ireland when the studio demanded that she take Loretta's role.

It was quite a blow to the blue-eyed O'Sullivan, but she is telling her friends that it is just as well it happened because she has more time to get her wardrobe together for the ocean jaunt. (P. S. MODERN SCREEN *is going to have exclusive pictures of all the outfits that Maureen buys for her trip home so, with all the extra things she will buy now, we advise you to watch for it.)*

John Gilbert has just signed a five-year contract with Columbia and his first will be "The Captain Hates the Sea." . . . Ginger Rogers was handed a new five-year ticket yesterday by RKO. . . . Fox Studio seemed rather peeved when Heather Angel signed with Universal. They were talking contract with her and thought she was just about to say "Yes" to their plans.



Anita Page carved her name on the piano at the opening of Grand Hotel, a beach club. Well, that's one way of being remembered.

HERE'S another story on Sam Goldwyn: It seems he was playing golf with three of the boys and when they reached the green, Sam was heard to say: "George, you took eight; Lew, you took seven; Harry, you took a nine. Caddie, what did I take?"

Colleen Moore has already spent over $30,000 on her "Doll House" and now she is looking for miniature electric ice boxes and tea-wagons. . . . Now that Laura LaPlante has married Irving Asher in Paris, Hollywood is looking forward to the marriage of Marian Nixon and William Seiter (Laura's Ex). . . . Sandra Shaw is SOOOOoo bored with Hollywood, that Gary has just promised that he will take her to New York for a short vacation after this picture. . . . Hollywood is divided: Half say that Lilian Harvey will soon marry Willie Fritsch and the other half are almost prepared to prove that the couple are already wed. . . . Warren William has such an extensive personal wardrobe that his valet has just put a card index into effect. . . . One of the big studios held a "contest" the other day for bathing beauties and promised an "opportunity" to the gal who won. One of their own players won in spite of the fact that a local stenographer got all the popular applause. . . . Hollywood sure went to Town on the Baer fight, everyone having their money down on the new champ; everyone, that is, except Durante who claims that he had to bet on the Preem to protect the honor of the guy with the biggest schnozzle. . . . He should call in some of the Public Enemies from New York, he didn't get much "protection."

USED in "Cleopatra": One bathtub, 100x150 feet—the feathers of 600 pheasants for the fans—65 gallons of body make-up for "tan"—more than four tons of armor were cast and worn by the "soldiers"—Cleopatra's barge, one of the most lavish things described in history is exactly reproduced both inside and outside.



(Above) The Eddie Cantors and Harold Lloyd dine at the Writer's Club in Hollywood. Yes, boys and girls, there's the famous Ida, we've been hearing so much about. (Right) The Irving Thalbergs—Norma Shearer, at Carl Laemmle, Jr.'s party. The lavishness of the affair made even blasé Hollywood gasp.

Recently, at the Cocoanut Grove, one of the stars was throwing a party for a visiting member of the New York 400. She was the type who always guesses any woman's age at least ten years over, and she was seated next to the young and beautiful wife of a writer. The visitor was obviously about thirty-five and the writer's wife was just as obviously about twenty-two.

The two women got to talking and the visitor soon got around to "ages." She would point to a feminine star dancing and say, "How old is she?" The answer would be: "I've known her a long time, she is just twenty-six." To which the socialite would scoff, "Humph, don't let her fool you. She's at least thirty-five."

This went on until they had covered everyone at the party. Finally the woman turned to the writer's wife and purred, "Yes, my dear, and I feel that we are about the same age, aren't we?" The popular young lady (22) smiled sweetly, "Yes we are." The older woman beamed, "I knew it. And how old are you, my dear?"

"I'm forty," drawled the gal without a trace of a smile.

P.S. The table came down in a heap.

AFTER carrying Jeanette MacDonald across the "Merry Widow" set twenty-five times for a scene, Chevalier remarked: "This is as much work as a stevedore puts in—only with romance!"

Walter Winchell, while in Hollywood, thought he would take a weekend and "get away" from the grind of news and gossip. He hired a yacht and sailed to Catalina Island where he dropped anchor. The following

(Continued on page 114)



Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Sally Eilers and (below) Mae Clarke, each one lovely and charming in her own particular way now, had a pretty miserable time of it during childhood and "the awkward age." Joan had no clothes sense, Claudette was anemic, Sally was too fat, Mae was clumsy and shy. How did they overcome these handicaps?



They WEREN'T BORN



REMEMBERING AN UNHAPPY GIRLHOOD, THESE FAMOUS STARS TELL YOU WHAT THEY DID TO COMBAT THE MISFORTUNE OF "NOT BEING BORN BEAUTIFUL"

THEY weren't born beautiful, all of the movie stars. They weren't the lovely babies you see pictured on magazine covers. They weren't their mothers' pride and joy as little girls.

When Joan Crawford was little, she wasn't like other girls. Joan had no feeling whatever for being a little girl. Little girls, with their feminine secrets, their endless stitching on dolls' clothes, and their silly preening in fresh afternoon dresses bored her so they actually brought tears to her eyes. Nor would Joan suffer her hair to be tied up





Beautified

in rags at night for the sake of curls. And hair-ribbons she abhorred. Hair-ribbons were her bugaboo. Invariably there was a bulge in the back of her dress where she bunked her bows the minute she was out of sight of her house.

Joan liked to play with boys. She liked to shinny trees and climb fences. She liked the active games boys played. She loved boys' loud, jolly laughter.

Had Joan been a naturally pretty child, it is likely she would have had more vanities. Her preference for boys and their rough and tumble games may have been defensive. Psychologists find so many things are.

In any event, Joan says, "I was so ugly my mother wouldn't take me out. I cheated her of all those proud moments by which young mothers lay such store."

Watching Joan, I found her picture of herself as an ugly duckling more and more incredible. She had come in from her sun bath just as I arrived. She had taken only a minute to brush her hair vigorously and slip into loose white damask pajamas. It was, in fact, some time after we had settled ourselves in the drawing-room that Joan asked her maid to bring her white bag, the inevitable gardenia caught in the clasp, that held her vivid lipstick. This was her only make-up. Yet she was lovelier than I've ever seen her. Or anyone else. Under her smooth brown skin her very bones were strong and fine and perfectly proportioned.

NEVERTHELESS Joan was telling the truth. And I knew it. For I can remember her far, far less lovely than she is today as recently as ten years ago.

"Mother now tells me," Joan went on, "that she always hoped I'd improve as I began to mature, that at this time she looked for some natural pride in my appearance to assert itself.

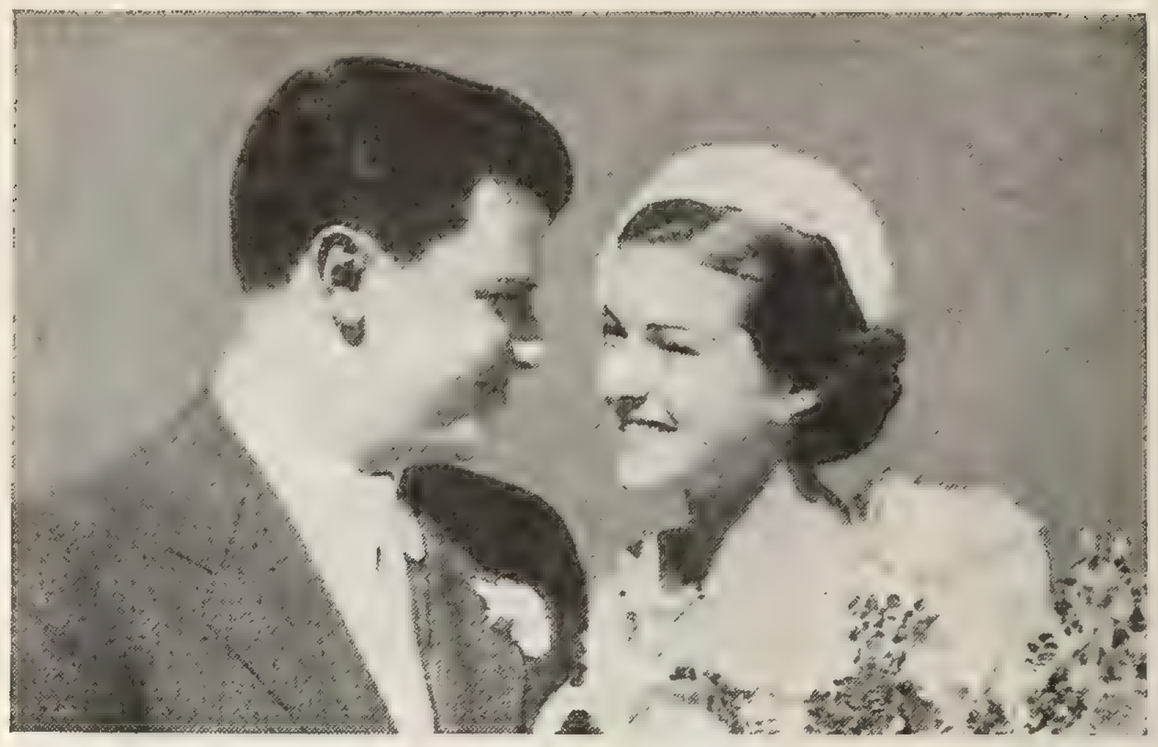
"But it never did. I only grew worse. I resented all the signs of approaching maturity and womanhood. Many an afternoon, getting into a fresh dress because I was obliged to do this, at least, I used to shed bitter tears because under my dress my body was no longer straight and flat.

"My curves marked a greater difference between me and the boys. So I hated those curves. In them and in my advancing maturity I knew no pride, only shame.

"And when I began to put on weight and those curves became more pronounced I was miserable. I used to bind myself so tight I could scarcely breathe.

"I was far from being a (*Continued on page 112*)





(Above) Meet the recently-married Joe Mankiewiczes. Mrs. Joe is Elizabeth Young. (Below) Mrs. Gable, Virginia Gilbert, Kay Francis, Countess de Frasso, Clark and the Cortezes see the Countess off for Europe.



(Above) W. Ruggles, Toby Wing, Arline Judge, Oakie and Nancy Carroll had a grand time at Junior Laemmle's party. (Below) And here is Nancy lunching with W. V. R. Smith at the Ambassador Lido. Romance?







(Above) Here are Mae West's guests, at the fights. Johnny Mack Brown, his wife and John Miljan. (Below) Rudy Seiber, Dietrich's hubby, Tamara Matul, Marlene and Von Sternberg at the Olympic Auditorium.





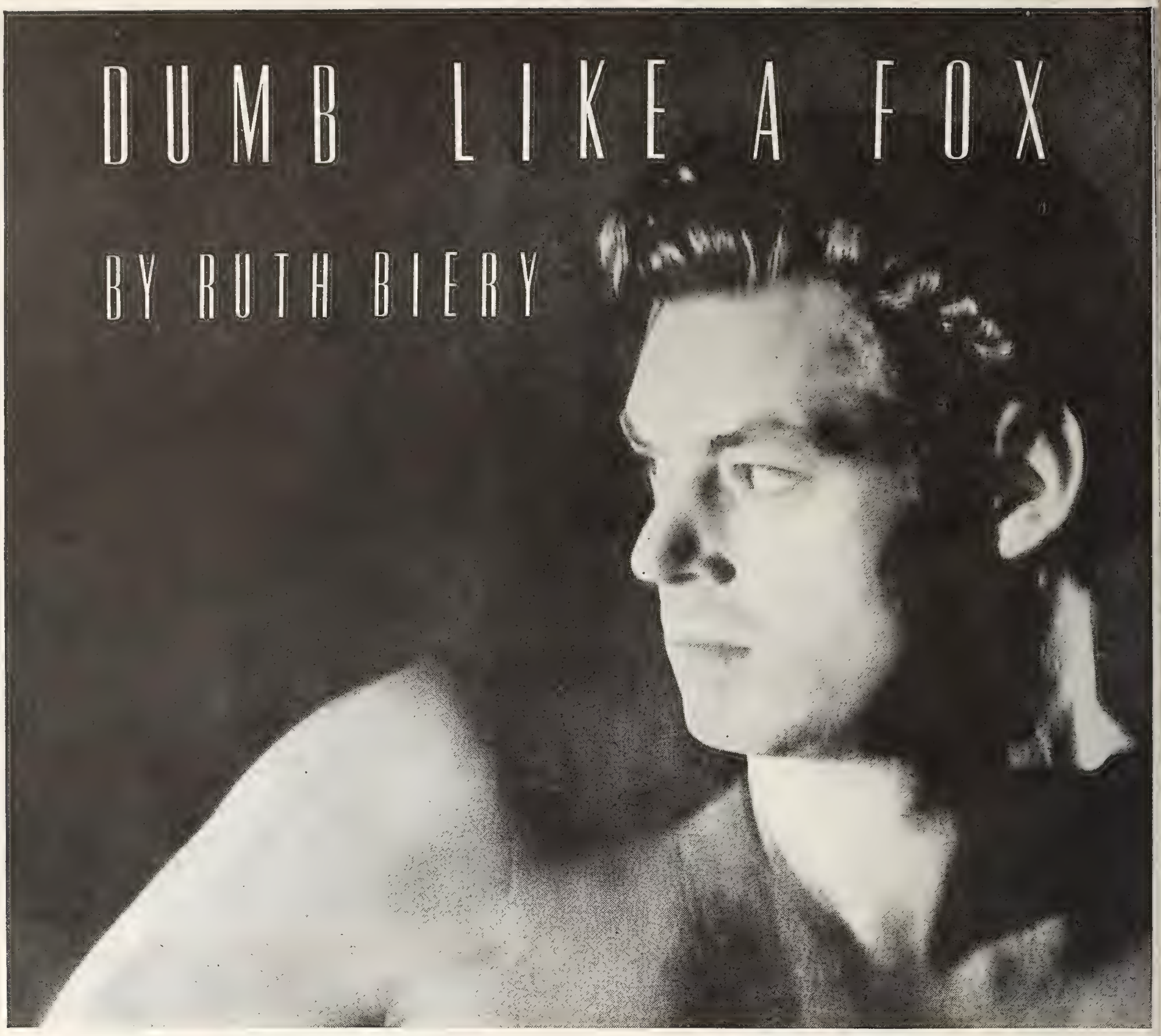
(Above) Isabel Jewell—and without Lee Tracy. The lad with her is Crilly Butler, of New York. They're great pals. (Below) Pat De Cicco, Claudette Colbert and the Leslie Howards at the Uplifters Club.





DUMB LIKE A FOX

BY RUTH BIERY



OF course, I know everybody says I'm dumb. I don't mind. There's a lot of advantages to being thought dumb. It saves you a lot of trouble. You can keep still, do as you please and people charge it to your being dumb. If they think you're bright, they go out to get you and just make you a lot of trouble. I don't go around always talking about what I know. That way I don't have to share what I do know with a lot of other people. I've always gotten along. I've always been pretty happy. When people think you're too bright they don't let you have much time to be happy."

Johnny looked across the luncheon table at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with a half-smile in his eye that made me wonder if he had his tongue in his cheek. And I burst out laughing. "Do you know I've had more fights on the subject: 'Is Johnny Weissmuller dumb' than about any other. Even editors think you're too dumb to give an intelligent story. I have to argue."

"Don't do it. Let 'em think it. First thing you know I'll have to be giving a lot of interviews. I don't care anything about talking about myself. Never have. It'll save me a lot of trouble if they think I can't talk. Maybe I am dumb. What of it?"

I used to think he was myself. I didn't even want Lupe Velez to marry him for fear she'd tire of his dumbness. Lupe is the kind of a girl who bores easily. She must have someone she cannot outwit around her in order to be happy.

There, I hadn't meant to mention Lupe's name in this story and I've done it without thinking. It isn't really necessary to talk about Lupe Velez when you're talking about Johnny Weissmuller. He's as interesting without her as she is without him. And we've heard so little about him as an individual human being. After all, the first Tarzan picture took in about $5,000,000. That's a record. The second threatens to do as well, taking into consideration the change in box office conditions. Johnny made $250 a week during the first; $550 during the second.

"You weren't very bright when you signed a contract at only a few hundred a week, Johnny," I suggested.

SURE. That was dumb. So dumb it got me the picture. And what I wanted was to get into pictures. I was tired of selling bathing suits. I'm a rotten salesman. I don't like it. You got to be licking people's boots all the time when you're selling things.



Neil Hamilton, Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Tarzan and His Mate," which is most certainly one of the best box office bets of the year. Is Johnny doing all right? Well, we think he is.

JOHNNY'S CONTENT TO KEEP QUIET AND GETS HIMSELF CONTRACTS, AND TO LET THE "BRIGHT BOYS" TALK THEMSELVES OUT OF JOBS

I'm too independent. I was getting $250 a week from the bathing suit company. And I'm just dumb enough to think that's a lot of money. Still do. An awful lot of people lose their heads about money when they come into this business. Guess I'm just too dumb to lose mine. But the way I looked at it and still do, I didn't lose anything by that contract and I stood to gain. At least, it got me out of something I wasn't bright enough to like.

"Of course, I know now, you have to make all the dough in a hurry in pictures. I'm learning. I could have kept on selling bathing suits forever and put enough in my sock to protect me. I understand you can't ever be satisfied with what you get in Hollywood. You've got to learn to think you're the most important guy in the world and grab all you can get because there's nothing certain about your lasting.

"Then, too, I had what bright guys would call an inferiority complex when I came to Hollywood. I didn't think I knew a lot. And that is dumb in this town —not to think you know it all. It's a tough job to learn to think of yourself first, all the time, too. They don't train athletes that way. I'd spent the first part of my life thinking about swimming when I should have been thinking about Johnny Weissmuller.

"I was always hanging around Lake Michigan as a kid. I was tall and skinny and too big for my age. Not sick, but my mother thought I might be, so she wanted me to take up some exercise to develop me. Swimming was the handiest and easiest. I was about ten and being sort of dumb, I began bringing the life guard presents so he'd give me special advantages on the beach so I could learn quicker. Then I started to swim at the Y. M. C. A. By the time I was fifteen I was fairly good. Made the hundred yards in less than a minute.

"The coach at the Illinois Athletic Club had a completely new system he wanted to try out. Change the stroke completely. He was hunting for somebody to try. I was the lucky guy. Dumb luck, you see. He kept me under cover for more than a year. He didn't want anybody to know about me until he was ready. Of course, it was easy for me to keep still and practice when nobody could see me and all that. I was just dumb, you see. At seventeen I started breaking the world's records. That *was* a cinch.

"I went to the University of Chicago for a year. They didn't want me to go into the Olympics because the trip would interfere with my school (*Continued on page 98*)

REVIEWS



Ann Harding and John Boles, during a tender moment in "The Life of Vergie Winters."



James Dunn, Claire Trevor and that adorable little lady, Shirley Temple, in "Baby, Take a Bow."

A: THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO)

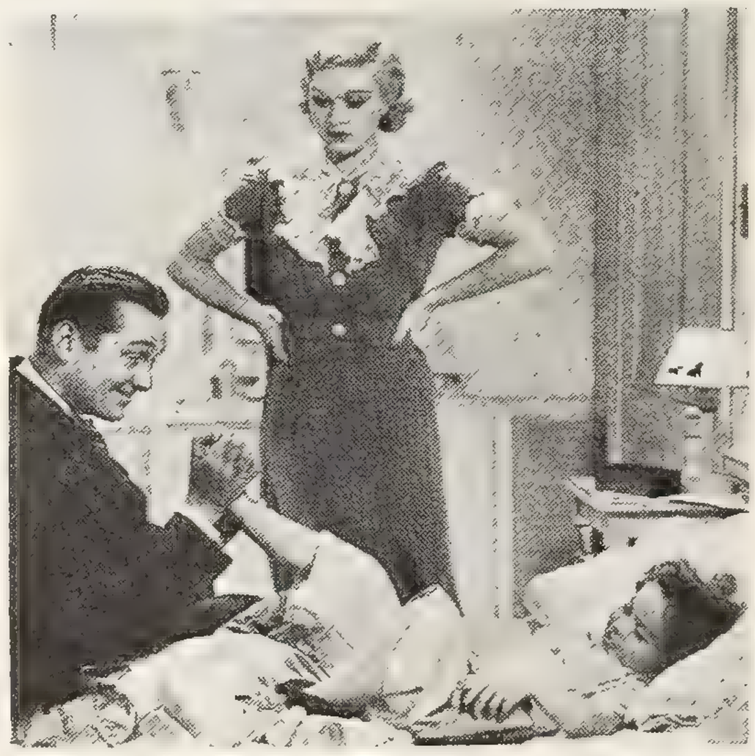
Beautifully done! Excellent direction, grand acting and gorgeous photography join hands to make this simple story a worth-while picture. Most of its authentic atmosphere of the "good old days" must be credited to the cameraman and director. Yet, even so, the picture wouldn't have attained such heights had it not been very capably acted. Ann Harding brings sincerity to her characterization of the small-town milliner who is forced to be nothing but the faithful mistress of the man she loves (John Boles), even though she is the mother of his child. The audience is led, in the finale, to believe that "all will be well," but during most of the unfolding one is treated to an absorbing picture of what love and a small town can do to a woman. Helen Vinson and Betty Furness play minor roles well. When you see this, and you must, watch how the camera work improves with the years as the picture progresses.

A: BABY, TAKE A BOW (Fox)

Shirley Temple scores again. And this time, little Shirley has just about the biggest part in the picture. The situations of the film combine action, suspense and comedy to a nice degree, one minute having the audience shivering and the next moment convulsing them with laughter. Jimmie Dunn and Ray Walker play a couple of ex-convicts who get mixed up with a detective while they are attempting to go straight—and everything they do to look "straight," little Miss Temple will nullify by doing something that will tend to make them look even more crooked than detective, Alan Dinehart, believes them to be. You'll get a great kick out of Shirley and the entire cast is in for plenty of praise as well. You'll get more than your money's worth, so don't come crying to us later and say you missed this one!

A: OF HUMAN BONDAGE (RKO)

This picture is, in the first place, a beautifully, sensitively handled transcript of Maugham's famous novel. It is, in the second



place, a personal triumph for Bette Davis. She has a cruelly unsympathetic role and spares herself not one whit in her interpretation of it. As the cheap little Cockney waitress, with her sickening affectation of genteel manners and her paltry little mind, her feathers, her furbelows, her common laugh and her common ways, you will scarcely recognize the Bette Davis you have been seeing in her previous so-so portrayals.

Then there is, of course, Leslie Howard. If he were a lesser actor, Bette would have stolen the picture from him. She doesn't—quite. His ascetic, expressive face tells you as much of the emotional suffering he undergoes as does his beautifully modulated voice.

"Of Human Bondage," truly a classic story, features Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. Bette will surprise you—she's that good.

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

by Walter Ramsey

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

Baby, Take a Bow

Cleopatra

The Great Flirtation

Of Human Bondage

One Night of Love

Shoot the Works

Treasure Island

Vergie Winters

We're Rich Again



Henry Wilcoxon and Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra," a Cecil B. DeMille spectacle.

"She Learned About Sailors," a gay comedy featuring Alice Faye and Lew Ayres.





Wallace Beery and his pal, Jackie Cooper, in that colorful thriller, "Treasure Island." Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore are in it, too.

The supporting cast—Kay Johnson, Frances Dee, Reginald Denny, Alan Hale and Reginald Owen—are all good. If we have any faults to find, it is with certain slow bits of direction. But do not let this minor discrepancy spoil an excellent picture for you.

A: TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M)

Grand and glorious adventure! Here is entertainment that will cause your blood to thrill to high adventure, buried treasure, gallantry and romance. Good, clean and inspiring, this is one picture with which even the most fanatical of reformers can't find fault. Those who have read Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal story will be delighted to know that the picture follows it to the letter and contains all the color and flavor of the classic. Wallace Beery, as Long John Silver, gives a grand performance, as does Lionel Barrymore as the pirate captain, Lewis Stone as Captain Smollett, Chic Sale as the goofy Ben Gunn and Nigel Bruce as the Squire. Jackie Cooper is, of course, Jim Hawkins and turns in a performance that will endear him to his audience. This picture will please everyone, children and adults alike. See it.

A: CLEOPATRA (Paramount)

Stupendous! Cecil B. DeMille, who has a long list of spectacular productions to his credit, outdoes himself in this picture. The lavishness of the film is truly breath-taking and that, in itself, is worth going to see. The story and acting, however, does not quite rate superlatives. Claudette Colbert makes a lovely Cleopatra and looks the Egyptian Princess, although her dialogue and coquettishness smack a bit too much of the present day. Warren William did not for a minute make me think of the immortal Julius Caesar—but, I have quite a good size wreath of orchids for Ian Keith as Octavius and Henry Wilcoxon, as the great Marc Antony. Well cast, he played expertly the part of the great warrior who fell under the spell of the world's most famous vampire. I'd like to see this man again, in some more he-man roles. For spectacular and lavish entertainment, this is the best the screen has offered for a long time. Better see it.

A: THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount)

Exceptionally fine picture. You might even call it a gem. This, because it is the type of story that requires expert direction, with acting and dialogue convincing. When you see it, you'll agree that it is very human. It is the sort of picture made by Barrymore and Lombard ("20th Century"), but to my mind, is even better. Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou are delicious as the actor-actress, husband-wife combination, and David Manners and Adrian Rosley are so sincere that you quite forget it's a movie. While this picture is good entertainment for everyone, I would particularly recommend it to lovers of fine acting. You will go away asking, "Where has Elissa Landi been hiding that personality, and, why hasn't Menjou ever had such a part before?" We hope you see this one. The preview audience applauded five minutes at the finis.

A: ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia)

Thrilling trilling, de luxe. Those who have been anxious for opera-in-pictures should find this exceptional entertainment. Grace Moore returns to the screen (minus much excess weight) singing her way to your heart, and is photographed so beautifully that one almost forgets her first fiasco. The story is about the gal who goes to Italy to study—after a radio failure in America—only to be discovered by a Maestro who doesn't think he has fallen in love with her until she skips out on him and returns to the U.S.A. He finds her again here just in time to make her a huge success. The picture ends with the most marvelous singing of Madame Butterfly we've ever heard, and we bet it will send you away singing to yourself.

(*Continued on page 107*)





STILL PALS

BY ESTHER MEADE

(Above, left) The Cary Grants spend a quiet evening in their honeymoon cottage beating each other—at backgammon. (Right) The bachelor boys, Randy Scott and Cary, during the not-so-long-ago, when they lived together, did their own shopping and hoped for an invitation on the cook's night out.

NOT EVEN A WIFE COULD SEPARATE RANDY AND CARY—BUT THEN, VIRGINIA WOULDN'T WANT TO

WHAT happens to friendship when one of two men who have been pals marries? Does the man who has been left in lonely bachelorhood resent his friend's new bride? Is he jealous of the girl who now comes first in his pal's affections? And how does the girl herself feel? Is she willing to share her husband's time with his old friend? What about the husband? Is he lonely for the companion of his bachelor days? Does he miss him? Randy Scott, who is now a part of this sort of a triangle frankly answers these questions.

"Cary Grant has been, and still is, the best friend I have ever had in my life," declared Randy, as he stretched in his armchair and flung his hat on a nearby table. It was, in fact, to Cary's dressing-room at Paramount Studio that he had brought me for our talk. Randy seemed to be quite as much at home there as if they had been his own quarters.

"I know that I could count on him for anything, now, as in the old days before his marriage. And I am sure that Cary knows that that goes for me, too, where he is concerned," continued Randy.

They had warned me that Randy Scott might be reserved and quiet, that very likely he would not care to discuss the present status of his friendship with the man with whom he had "paled" so intimately before marriage had ended Cary's carefree bachelor days.

Now every writer knows that while silent he-men may be all very well out in the great open spaces, they are very difficult to interview. Squeezing water out of a stone is child's play in comparison to getting information from this type of actor. But Randy Scott proved to be a happy exception to the rule. He seemed almost eager to explain this situation in which he now finds himself.

"The reason why Cary's marriage has not affected our friendship," said Randy, "is because we have always been independent of each other. We have been the closest of friends for years, but we never butted into each other's business. We never interfered with each other. We never tried to decide each other's problems. We never even had friendly quarrels. It has been a perfect friendship.

"Naturally, now that he is married I see less of him. But our fundamental friendship is as firm as ever. I think that Virginia is a marvelous (*Continued on page 102*)



DOES HOLLYWOOD WANT ME?

BY HELEN BURNS

ELISSA LANDI WANTS TO KNOW. SHE'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU WANT HER IN PICTURES.

(Left) On the porch of her beautiful home, which movie gold has made possible. (Right) With David Manners and Adolphe Menjou in "The Great Flirtation."



ELISSA LANDI said, "I wish I knew whether or not Hollywood wanted me. If I'm not wanted here, I want to quit now. I want to quit before some producer says to me, 'Miss Landi, we can't give you the sort of contract you're asking for because the public doesn't want you.' To date, that hasn't happened to me. I want to quit before it does."

In her home—that retreat of quiet beauty, which seemed such a fitting background for Elissa—Hollywood, with its battles and continuous bickerings, seemed very far away. I wondered why Elissa should find it worth her while to play the picture game. I asked her—why?

"This is the answer," said Elissa, with a sweeping gesture which took in her surroundings, "this sunset, this house, my gardens, my horse, my dogs, my piano. Hollywood and my work here have provided these."

To understand Elissa's viewpoint, one must go back to the time when she first decided to become an actress. Elissa wasn't interested in the stage, except as a background for a novel she was writing. She became an actress so that she might better understand the heroine of her story. When the play came to the end of its run Elissa said:

"Thank heaven that's over with. Now I can get back to my writing."

But it wasn't over with. (*Continued on page 103*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE *by Jack Welch*



WALLACE BEERY RAN AWAY FROM HOME WHEN A KID, BECAUSE HIS MOTHER MADE HIM TAKE PIANO LESSONS.



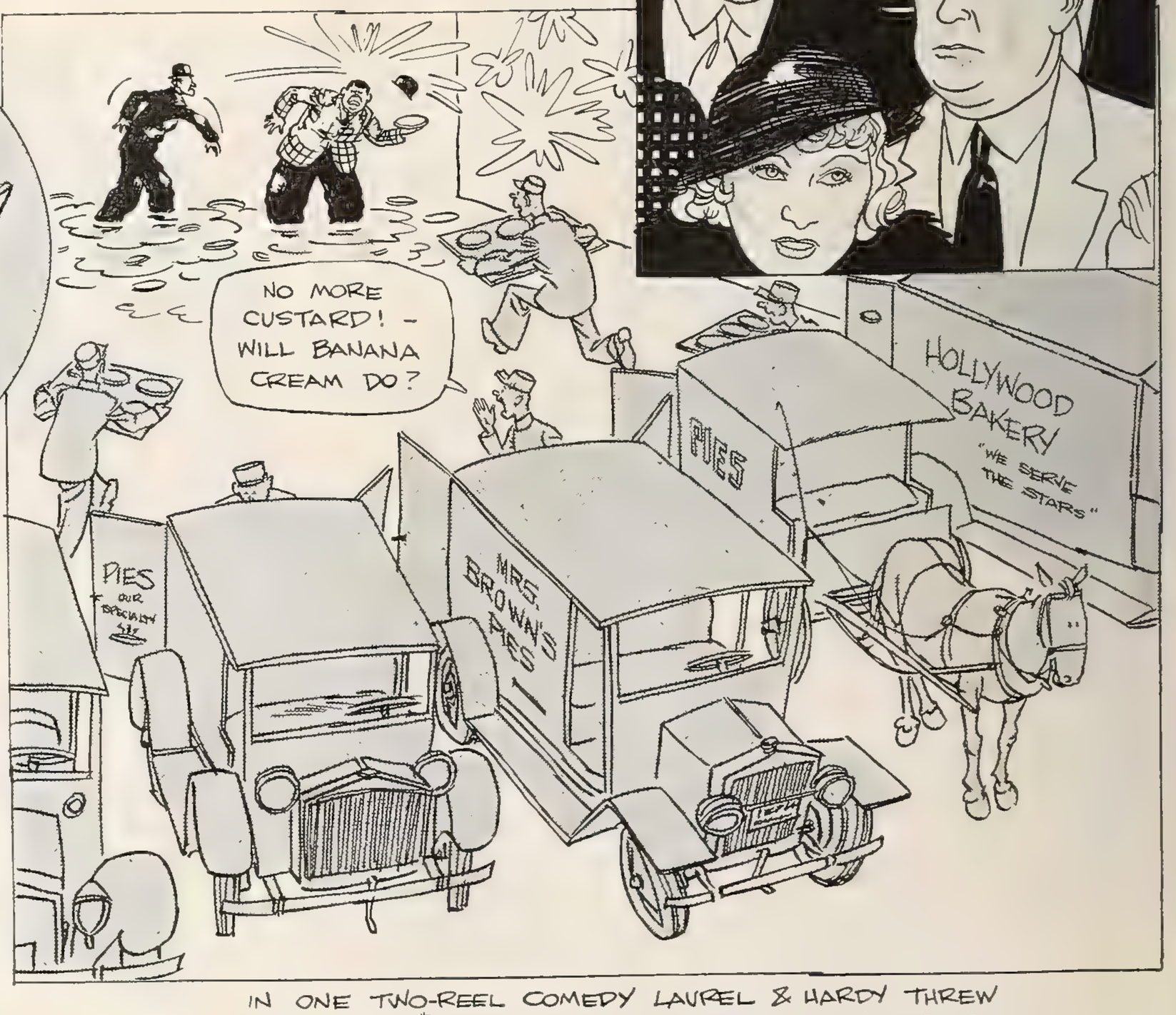
HAROLD LLOYD, WHO HAS SIGNED COUNTLESS AUTOGRAPHS HIMSELF, IS AN ARDENT AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR



GLORIA STUART ONCE WORE HORN-RIMMED GLASSES AND SEVERE DRESSES AND WAS QUITE SERIOUS ABOUT BECOMING A LADY LAWYER!



DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY'S TEETH ARE SO PERFECT HE HAS TO PUT MAKE-UP ON THEM TO KEEP THEM FROM LOOKING FALSE ON THE SCREEN



IN ONE TWO-REEL COMEDY LAUREL & HARDY THREW MORE THAN $3,000 WORTH OF PIES AT EACH OTHER

SHE is Adrienne Ames, you know, and they're still in the honeymoon stage, which puts the really important news about them in the first sentence. Bruce is an enthusiastic sportsman and recently won the Gold Tournament at Del Monte, which comes under the head of high honors in athletics. He is teaching his beautiful bride to like the great outdoors as much as he does. Mr. Cabot has just completed "Murder on the Blackboard" and the Missus had a nice role in "You're Telling Me."



The CABOTS



John Boles

MR. BOLES just about fills the bill, cinematically speaking. Handsome, charming, a good actor, a fine singer; well, now just what else does one need to make the grade? The answer is he has made it, and continues to reign a popular favorite. He is slated to go into "Music in the Air," that charming operetta which Fox is doing. And, of course, you saw him in "The Life of Vergie Winters." John leads a very happy, normal life. He has a lovely wife and two beautiful little girls. It looks as if he is sort of sitting on top of the world.



Bette Davis

SHE skyrocketed to stardom and then there seemed to be a momentary lull. Things are going fine with Bette once more, for since "Of Human Bondage" was released, she rates high among the first-raters. She returned from a vacation trip recently, with not only the best fish stories, but the largest quantity of fish to be landed in Hollywood in many a day. She's caught up on her reading and theatre-going now, and it won't be long before she completes "Housewife" with George Brent, on her home lot—Warner Studios.



MANY people think that Loretta Young is just about the ten most beautiful girls in Hollywood, and we're inclined to believe that many people are right. She is certainly an ideal ingenue and combines some potent histrionics with her wistfulness and charm. Did you like her with Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"? Having completed that, and "Caravan" for Fox, Loretta reported at the M-G-M studios only to be taken suddenly ill. She is improving now.



HE'S a fine actor; in fact, we'll wager you have never seen Mr. Tracy turn in a mediocre performance and yet, in the not-so-good old days, his father, having seen him on the stage, advised him to take up another life work—and quickly. We have an idea, however, that Père Tracy was doing a little gentle kidding. If he wasn't, he can turn in his apologies any moment now. Spenc is essentially a man's man. His next for Fox is "Marie Galante" with Ketti Gallian.



Romance A la del RIO

BY HILARY LYNN

Dolores Del Rio, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Reginald Owen in a scene from "DuBarry," calculated to place its star way up thar on the cinematic heights. This is one of the most coveted roles of the year.

ACCORDING to the picture story of "DuBarry" —in which Dolores del Rio is starring—that capricious mistress of Louis XIV felt one day like taking a sleigh-ride. But there wasn't any snow.

You'd think this would have settled the matter for the imperious lady. Not at all. "If there isn't any snow, we'll make it," said she in a somewhat epic manner. For DuBarry had ideas on a grand scale.

So the palace staff of equerries or footmen or whoever was assigned to that kind of job at Versailles, sprinkled sugar over the ground and on all the shrubbery and trees, until the white, softly-blanketed landscape made Madame DuBarry feel that it actually had been snowing. A perfect illusion had been created for her—and she was satisfied.

Now DuBarry knew a thing or two about keeping the flame of romance burning and the value of creating beautiful illusions for heightening effects in the theatre of love. And so also does Dolores del Rio.

For Dolores insists on keeping the enchanted qualities of courtship in her every day married life with Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M's art director.

"KEEP 'MATRIMONY' OUT OF MARRIAGE AND YOU'LL KEEP YOUR HUSBAND,"



Scott Photo

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Look pretty happy, don't they? Well, they are, and this despite the fact that Hollywood shook its head and predicted that their marriage couldn't possibly last. You see, Gibby proposed four hours after he met Dolores, and they visited the preacher four weeks later. They have worked out a "perfect understanding" that defies divorce.

Perhaps it's all quite unconscious—though I strongly suspect it to be a delightful program which she and Cedric faithfully pledged one another to carry out—a program of being married in an unmarried sort of way. Their relationship is a romantic, unexpected one. It's touching and almost unbelievable.

For instance, in that gem of a modernistic home which Cedric built and decorated in shades to set off his wife's exotic coloring—there's a *secret passage* which leads from her upstairs boudoir to his downstairs suite. Sounds positively clandestine, doesn't it? No one has probably ever had the courage to ask them why it's there. But, again, I strongly suspect it was built deliberately to lend an atmosphere of romance—a kind of stolen-meeting excitement to what otherwise might have become "just another marriage." And that's one thing Dolores and Cedric refuse to let their marriage become. The gallant, lover-like gesture is spontaneous with them, even though they're married.

When Dolores recently spent a day ill in bed, Cedric sent her six dozen gardenias. When he comes home after a nerve-jumping day (*Continued on page 87*)

ADVISES DOLORES WHO, WED BEFORE, KNOWS WHEREOF SHE SPEAKS

Untold tales of the stars

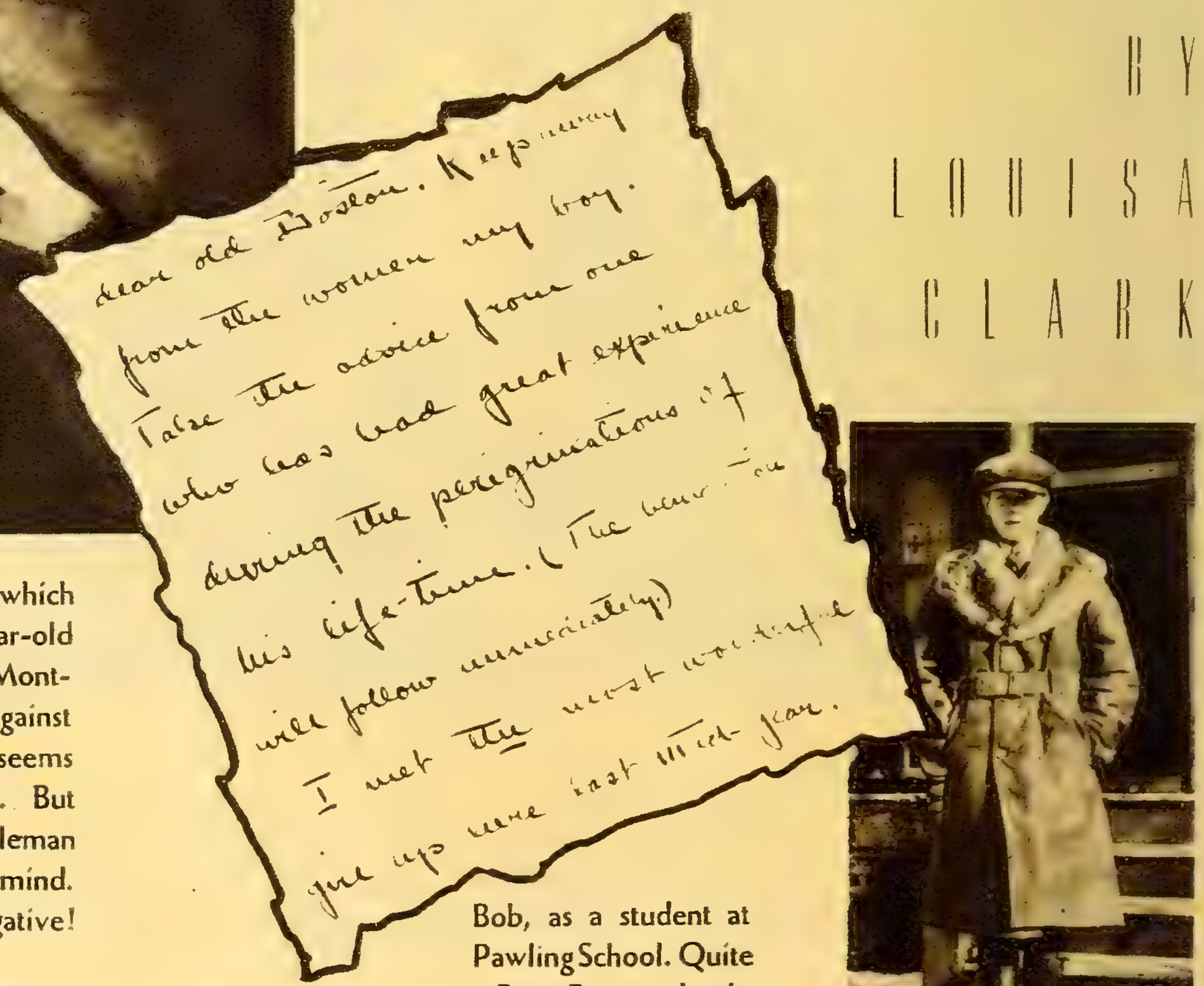
Sophisticated SCHOOLBOY

BOB HAD "A WAY WITH HIM" EVEN THEN, SO EVERYONE TRIED TO SPOIL HIM, BUT— NO LUCK!

BY

LOUISA CLARK





dear old Boston. Keep away from the women my boy. Take the advice from one who has had great experience during the peregrinations of his life-time. (The hell you will follow immediately)

I met the most wonderful girl up here last mid-year. She is a knock-out. She is the—well, words fail me. And, by the way, she is a brunette. Funny, isn't it? She is the first brunette I have ever really liked. Every time I feel blue I get out some of her correspondence and look it over. I could rave on and on, but I won't."

Here is part of the letter in which that very ancient, seventeen-year-old man-of-the-world, Robert Montgomery, warned his friend against women. Tch, tch, it certainly seems as if a guy can't be too careful. But in the next sentence the gentleman seems to have changed his mind. And that's a woman's prerogative!

Bob, as a student at Pawling School. Quite a Beau Brummel—eh, wot? Well, the girls all thought so.

KEEP away from the women, my boy," wrote Bob Montgomery, aged seventeen, to a friend who was twenty-two. "Take the advice of one who has had great experience during the peregrinations of his lifetime."

A paragraph later in the same letter written at prep school, he forgot this pose of a blasé man-about-town and wrote in a burst of adolescent enthusiasm. "I met *the* most wonderful girl up here last mid-year. She is a knock-out. She is the—well, words fail me. And, by the way, she is a brunette. Funny, isn't it? She is the first brunette I have ever really liked. Every time I feel blue I get out some of her correspondence and look it over. I could rave on and on, but I won't."

This was the boy you all know as Robert Montgomery. He was called Harry then, or occasionally, Monty. And although there are dozens of things I could tell you to show you two sides of his character, I think those paragraphs from his letter illustrate perfectly his sophistication and his naïveté.

Of course any boy of that age is likely to combine the two to a certain extent, but here was Bob brazenly warning his older friend to stay away from women, and then—without realizing the incongruity of the thing—going completely ga-ga about a new girl. That was Bob, a dual personality in a sense, talking (*Continued on page 99*)

Untold tales of the stars

SIX YEARS AGO

BY VERA INGERSOLL





(Above) The handsome "lad" on the right is Katie, all set for the leading male role in Bryn Mawr's presentation of "The Truth About The Blayds." The entire cast is with her. Left you see the Hepburn looking very lovely as Pandora in "The Woman of the Moon," another college play. Katharine's next picture is "The Little Minister."



BEING THE INTIMATE AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTES OF HEPBURN'S COLLEGE DAYS

"HI, there, can you steer me to East Pembroke?"

The speaker, a tall, angular girl of seventeen with high-cheek bones and an untidy reddish mane was new to the campus she eagerly surveyed. "Over there? Thanks. I guess you can see I'm only a frosh and rather new around here."

She smiled an oddly arresting smile, picked up her suitcase and loped in the direction of "over there" with a rather reckless display of leg. But legs were merely legs in that era. The time was September, 1924.

Four years later a group of serious-eyed, black-garbed young women sat at Bryn Mawr's forty-third commencement, listening to a distinguished speaker discuss "Ten Years After Your Graduation—What?" And among them might have been singled out that same oddly-arresting former "frosh" of the "Hi, there, can you steer me?" episode above.

What in particular lay ahead of her, as gleaned from her college performance and the casual rating of her mates?

Had she drawn any college honors? No. Her marks were mediocre.

Had she claimed any letters in athletics? No. Her interest in sports had been almost a minus quantity.

Had she shown any dramatic ability, or even interest in the undergraduate dramatics? (*Continued on page 96*)

Untold tales of the stars

EX-SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

BY CURTIS MITCHELL

UNA MERKEL KNOWS LIFE NOW, FOR SHE EXCHANGED TRANQUILITY FOR STRUGGLE, HEARTACHE AND FAME



It's a long way from leading a Bible Class to playing leads in Hollywood, but Una has done it. Right, Una as she looks in "The Cat's-Paw" and a scene from "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."



IT is a wonder that Una Merkel ever chose to be an actress. The theatre is for those who like endless shifts of scenery, whose contacts with others are fleeting. Una Merkel isn't like that. She puts out roots that go deep into people's lives.

I remember one day I saw her after an absence from New York of two eventful years. The sun was thundering down on the town that afternoon I visited her. Her dressing-room in the theatre where she was making personal appearances was an oven. She was working in five exhausting shows a day. Yet, between shows, she was holding an impromptu open house for her old friends.

Her old church friends, I mean. While I was there, they came, timid and wide-eyed, to the stage door and asked for Miss Merkel. Invariably, she received them, even when she had forgotten their names and faces. They remembered her from the three years she taught a Sunday School class in New York's Hamilton Grange Dutch Reformed Church.

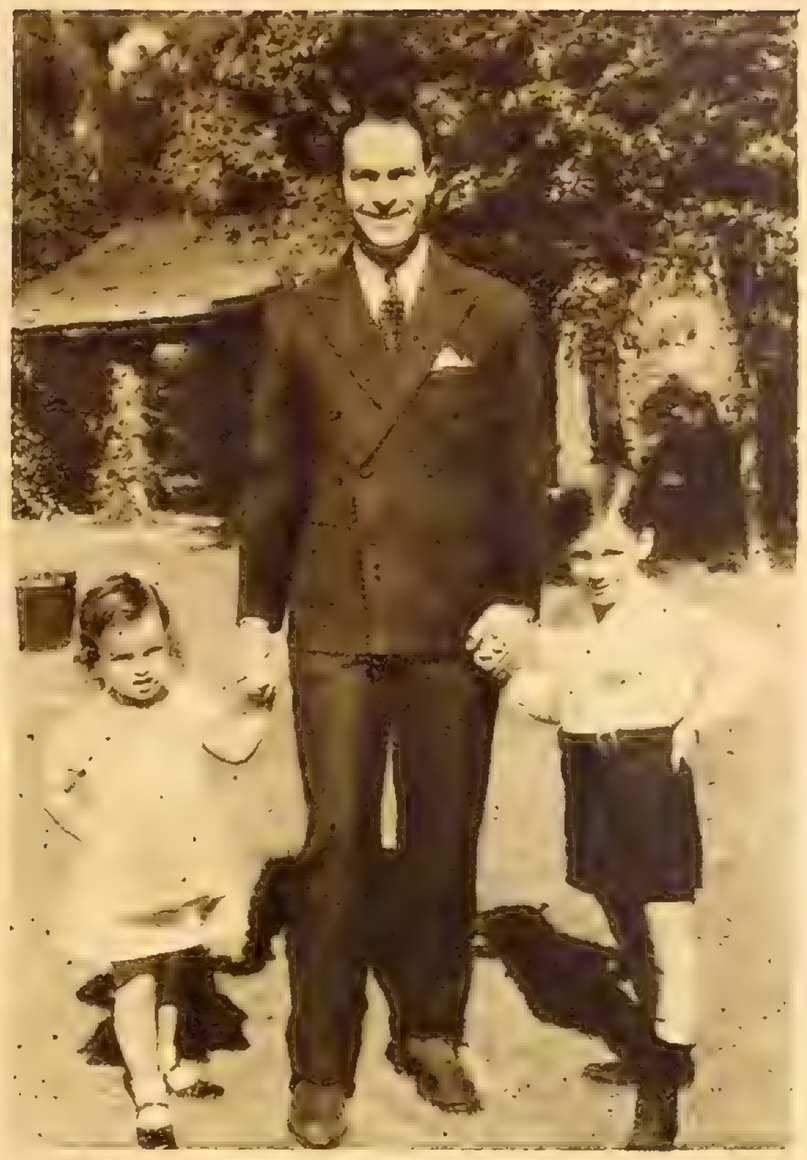
Two of them were old ladies in their seventies, sweet old folk who had never been backstage. Their hands shook as they clung to her. The pastor's wife came, and two eighteen-year-old girls from her Sunday School class. Another ex-pupil, living now in California, had a baby not long ago—and Una is its godmother.

The boy with whom she had her first date—she was seventeen and they went to a church dance—still sends her flowers on her birthday. Among her most regular correspondents are three girls who were fellow members of a high school club she organized.

AND there is her family, small and dear and very important to her. Her father is Arno Merkel, a patent broker. "You ought to write *his* story," she said. "He ran away from home and joined the British Merchant Marine when he was so small that he had to stand on a soap box to wash the dishes. (*Continued on page 101*

Untold tales of the stars

HE SOLD HIMSELF INTO SLAVERY TO A MAN HE TRUSTED, BUT MORRIS IS ON HIS WAY AGAIN



A proud Daddy with two very good reasons for being so—Cynthia and Brooks.

CHESTER'S UNHAPPY FRIENDSHIP

BY MARY SHARON

IT is five years since I first met Chester Morris but my original impression of him still stands. He is the kind of fellow who would never let anybody down in a crisis, and who believes in "giving the devil his due." I can think of no better way to describe him.

Five years ago he sold himself into slavery to the man who was his best friend. The fellow "let him down," but, in spite of this fact, Chester says he will always be in debt to him for several very good reasons.



We had been talking of a mutual friend, who had "gone Hollywood" in a serious way. Suddenly, it dawned upon me that Chester had escaped this blight that ruins so many promising careers. Why? I asked him.

"I can't take any credit for it myself," he assured me, "It is one of the things I thank my ex-friend, Roland West for."

Then, he told me the story and to me it was the sanest one I have ever heard.

"When I first came to Hollywood, I was thrilled to death. I had the kind of chance that every young actor dreams about. It was one of those things that seems too good to be true. When I was working in 'Alibi,' I thought I was the worst ham that had ever been put into a picture, but when it was previewed, Roland West came to me and made me a startling offer. I hesitated because I thought he was making a terrible mistake. I didn't believe I had anything to give him. We argued about it and finally I accepted his offer.

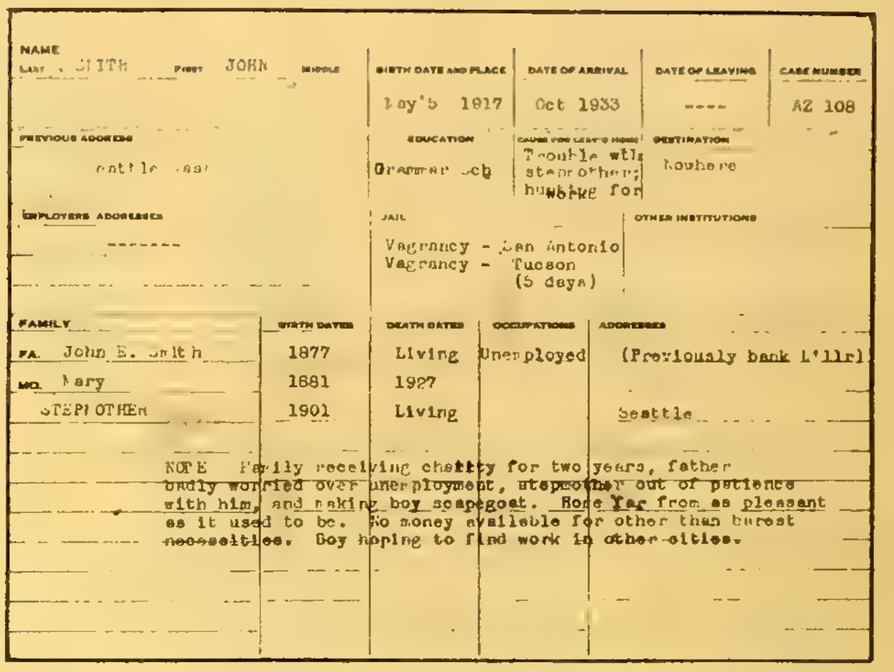
"The next day, he phoned for me to sign the contract. By the terms of the agreement I was to receive a weekly salary at a comfortable figure for five years. I was satisfied with it, because I felt that contracts weren't offered beginners in Hollywood every day. I didn't even read the contract, but merely asked him to give me the details. I didn't know it, but I signed myself into complete slavery.

"I gave him the right to control my salary and invest it without consulting me and also I agreed to work in any pictures and do any roles that he saw fit to give me. By the terms of the agreement, if I was rented out at a larger figure than the one named in the contract, we were to split fifty-fifty on the amount (*Continued on page 94*)

HOLLYWOOD'S lost CHILDREN



(Left) Howard left his home in Chicago and set out, on foot, for Hollywood. His mother appealed to Irving Thalberg to help find her boy. But what could Mr. Thalberg do? (Right) A record of a Lost Soul—one of many in Los Angeles' various welfare agencies.



NAME Last SMITH First JOHN Middle

BIRTH DATE AND PLACE	DATE OF ARRIVAL	DATE OF LEAVING	CASE NUMBER
May 5 1917	Oct 1933	----	AZ 108

PREVIOUS ADDRESS: cattle ranch
EDUCATION: Grammar sch
CAUSE FOR LEAVING HOME: Trouble with step-mother; husband for work
DESTINATION: nowhere
EMPLOYERS ADDRESSES: --------
JAIL: Vagrancy - San Antonio; Vagrancy - Tucson (5 days)
OTHER INSTITUTIONS:

FAMILY	BIRTH DATES	DEATH DATES	OCCUPATIONS	ADDRESSES
FA. John E. Smith	1877	Living	Unemployed	(Previously bank Clerk)
MO. Mary	1881	1927		
STEPMOTHER	1901	Living		Seattle

NOTE Family receiving charity for two years, father badly worried over unemployment, stepmother out of patience with him, and making boy scapegoat. Home far from as pleasant as it used to be. No money available for other than barest necessities. Boy hoping to find work in other cities.

WANDERERS ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, DESTITUTE, HUNGRY, HOMELESS AND ILL CLAD—WHAT BECOMES OF THESE MOTHS WHO FLUTTER AROUND THE CINEMA FLAME?

BY JACK JAMISON

Illustrated by JAMES TREMBATH

OUTSIDE the casting office at M-G-M, outside the casting office at Paramount, outside the casting office wickets of any studio in Hollywood, tacked up forlornly on the bulletin boards are tragic little slips of paper. Now and then they are changed. Winter and summer they flutter there, slowly fading and yellowing. A new one goes up, an old one comes down, but always they are there, one or more of them, pitiful tokens of the most heart-rending search there can ever be.

They read like this:

Missing: Doris Alcott. Doris left E——, Ohio, August, 1933. She is believed to be on her way to Hollywood to try to get into pictures. She was wearing, when last seen, a dark blue middy blouse and skirt, black silk stockings, no hat. She has a few personal effects with her in a bundle, but no money. Distinguishing marks: Doris has a front tooth broken off, so that it makes a triangle. She is 15, fair hair, ruddy complexion, freckles, blue eyes. Kindly notify Hollywood Police Dept. or Travellers' Aid Society, 106 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles.

The little slips of paper are the last, hopeless clues to Hollywood's lost children, the boys and girls who leave home to seek stardom in the picture capital and, so often as to make it the rule rather than the exception, are never heard from again. Behind them are mothers, in little farming towns, waiting for broad-shouldered, promising sons they will never see again. Behind them are those notices you see in every newspaper, telling you that "Mrs. Brown reports that her daughter, Mildred, left home for school as usual this morning. When the girl did not return, her mother became alarmed and notified the police." But the police never find Mildred Brown. Mildred is gone. She has joined the army of missing girls, that vast army, recruited from all over the land, which swells year by year and disappears over the horizon into the unknown, never to be seen again.

"There are today 250,000 youths under twenty-one who have taken to the road," says Franklin F. Newcomb of the Community Boys' Lodge, a charitable organization which attempts hopelessly to stem the tide of vagrant boys flooding into Los Angeles. Does that figure strike you as being impossibly large? During the year 1932, no less than 4,409 boys under twenty applied for relief in Los Angeles. During August, (*Continued on page 104*)

It is not an unusual sight to see, in a dark alley behind a restaurant, one of Hollywood's lost children hungrily searching for scraps in a garbage can. Not a pretty sight—not a sight you'd care to see twice.



IT'S A GIRL! BURNS AND ALLEN KNOW, FOR THE STORK HAS NOTHING TO

ANTICIPATING A blessed EVENT

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

Illustrated by JACK WELCH



THE idea came to them one night at the Vendome Café in Hollywood.

Gracie Allen and George Burns were having dinner there when Wally Beery came in with his beautiful adopted baby.

"Oh look, George," said Gracie. "Did you ever see anything so precious?"

And just at that moment Wally Beery said to the child, "Go over and say 'hello' to Gracie."

Gracie had never met Wally Beery. She is one of the most modest girls in show business and it did not occur to her that he even knew who she was. She was embarrassed, but the baby wasn't.

The little girl slid off her chair and came straight over to the Burns-Allen table. "Hello, Gracie," she said.

Just then Benny Rubin came in with his offspring. The two children greeted each other and Wally Beery's kid gave the Rubin child a look and said, "Why don't you come up and see us sometime?"

Well, that stopped Burns and Allen. They, whose business it is to make people laugh, screamed with laughter. And then they looked at each other and the idea was born.

"Listen, George," said Gracie, "we've just got to adopt a baby."

George's eyes were moist. "I knew it the minute I saw Beery's kid," he answered.

They declared their intention to a couple of friends and right away everybody started giving them advice, telling them where they could find the nicest children for adoption, how to bring up a child, how to plan a future, etc., etc. But George and Gracie have ideas of their own and they are such charming, such really beautiful ideas that I want you to hear all about them. It will give you an insight into the hearts of those two swell people that maybe you haven't had before.

In the first place, it will be a girl and they'll name it Sandra, so they can call it "Sandy" for short. They'll start looking for just the right child when they return from Europe, around the middle of September.

"I've got to have a child out of self-defense," George told me. "All my friends have kids and they do nothing but talk about them. Jack Haley looks as if he has a tumor of the chest. Really it's the bulge from all the pictures he carries around of his kid.

TO SAY ABOUT IT! THEY'RE PICKING OUT LITTLE SANDRA THEMSELVES



Undoubtedly, the first few words the baby utters will be, "Oogy, woogy!" And, just as undoubtedly, its proud parents are going to interpret them as, "Burns and Allen are my favorite comedy team!" For they feel as if their child is gonna have judgment.

EVERYBODY talks about their children. The other day a friend of mine was telling me about how well his kid could talk. He brought her up to see me. The baby said, 'Oogy, gum, gum.' My friend beamed, 'Just listen to that. Hear how plain she said she wanted a drink of water?'

"So what? So I figure all I can do is to adopt a baby, so I can join in the conversation.

"But seriously, I think it's a grand idea. Gracie wants a little girl because she likes to fuss around with her hair and clothes. And Gracie will make a swell mother because she has so much good common sense."

And if you doubt that Georgie's belief in Gracie's common sense is unfounded, then listen closely while I tell you Gracie's angle on bringing up a baby.

She had grown serious now. She wasn't goofy Gracie of the radio and screen. She was an earnest, eager young woman fully cognizant of the responsibility she is undertaking so soon.

"First of all," she said, "I think it is sort of George's and my duty to adopt a baby. We can afford it now. We love kids. It would be selfish to deny some little girl a good home. But we're going to adopt a child mainly because we love kids.

"I'm going to have a trained nurse at first, but when the baby is old enough to go to school I don't want her to be sent away to a private school. We want her to sleep in her own house. I can't see this just coming home for week-ends business. And I don't want her to get snobbish ideas, which I think some children get in private schools. I want her to be a real little girl—(*Continued on page 92*)

FROM THE STARS



Charlie Farrell was the man behind the lens as David Manners posed before his desert home.









(Above, left) Can you hear Mr. Farrell saying, "Look at the birdie?" He was busy with his camera again at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club and snapped Janet Gaynor, Kay Johnson, Frances Dee and Virginia Valli after a match. (Above, right) Looks a lot like his famous father, doesn't he, with, of course, his mother's (June Collyer) beautiful eyes. Stu Erwin, Jr., taken by papa. (Lower, left) Boys and girls, just glance at your favorite movie hero fast asleep. Mrs. Farrell thought he looked too cute, and maybe she's right!

SALBUMS

HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS ARE PICTURE-TAKING FANS, TOO



All Hollywood is bicycle-mad, so Fay Wray is, too. Her husband took this pitcher.



No, it's not a 1912 Western. Just Jack LaRue, Muriel Kirkland and Randy Scott having some fun.





(Left) Claire Trevor, John Boles' leading lady in "Wild Gold," takes pictures like nobody's business. While on location, John Boles went off on an early morning fishing trip and came back with exactly two fish—no more, no less. And here's the proof. It's a treat to see the meticulously dressed Boles in this devil-may-care get-up, isn't it? (Above) Shoe-less and stocking-less are these two mermaids, Thelma Todd and Minna Gombell. And what fun it is. They're smiling at Minna's hubby, Joe Sefton.

"Like so many Hollywoodians," says Pete, "I've been married several times; in fact, I think I hold the record, for I've had eleven wives, all of whom were either English bulls or bull terriers of the finest families."



MY EXCLUSIVE

BY PETE THE DOG STAR

AS BARKED AT ROBERT EICHBERG

NOT ALL DOGS LEAD A DOG'S LIFE! HERE'S PETE, WITH CELEBRITIES FOR PALS AND SPECIAL "CUTS" FOR DINNER



"I'm very vain," admits Pete. "I simply love to look at myself in the mirror."

HELLO, folks!

You've seen me in "Our Gang," in many Educational Comedies and as Tige in the Buster Brown series, and from my actions on the screen you can probably guess the secret of my success: I honestly and sincerely like people—all kinds of people. I make friends easily.

I've often wanted to get to know my fans better, but I've been too busy to spare any time for interviewers. Now, however, my master, Lieut. Harry Lucenay, and I are taking things easy for a few days, so I can tell you the story of my life.

I've known Harry ever since I was two months old—met him through my father, Pal, in fact. Pal was an actor, too, a bull terrier, under contract to Famous Players-Lasky. He played in Century Comedies and once co-starred with Wally Reid. Cecil B. De Mille was his director, too.

Well, Father and Harry belonged to each other.

One day Father met an English bull—one of the Holly-



LIFE STORY...

wood social set. It was love at first sight and their romance resulted in me. Harry adopted me two months later.

He and I hit it off right from the start, for he realized what an education can do for a dog. He began giving me an hour a day of private instruction immediately and within a month I appeared in my first picture, "Dog Sense."

First Harry taught me obedience, to come when he called me. He rewarded me with a pat and a kind word when I obeyed him, and scolded me when I didn't. He's never struck me, but my feelings are easily hurt, and when he scolds me I just feel as though the world had come to an end, until he relents and pats me a few minutes later.

After I'd learned to come to him, I was taught to sit down, lie down, "beg," shake hands and do the other, more complicated tricks I perform on the screen.

THE talkies, by the way, were quite a problem, for Harry sits on the sidelines and coaches me. In the old silent days he could call out and tell me what to do, but when the movie cameras grew ears we had to work out a code of signs. Now he beckons me to come, raises his hand like a traffic cop for me to stop, waves his hand in a circle to signify "lie down and roll over," flips his fingers like an Italian playing "Odds and Evens" when he wants me to bark, and so forth.

Like so many Hollywoodians, I've been married several times; in fact, I think I hold the record, for I've had eleven wives, all of whom were either English bulls or bull terriers of the finest families, except for Mitzi, who was a dashing French bull. All in all, I have had forty-seven children, most of them boys. Harry always hoped that I'd have a son who looked like me to carry on my work when I retire, but so far, no luck. That ring around my eye, you see, is not painted there; it's natural, and apparently not hereditary.

All my children are living a life of ease, while their father continues working. I'm not doing so badly now, considering the recent depression, for I've averaged $20,000 a year for the past five years.

Harry takes very good care of me. He feeds me a pound and a half of meat every day, raw in the winter, cooked in summer, and never makes me eat any vegetables. He also gives me dog biscuits, and once a year for about two weeks he puts me on a raw-eggs-and-milk diet. I weigh sixty pounds and am eighteen inches tall at the shoulders. My teeth are brushed with a regular tooth brush and powder every morning and evening, and just before I go to bed my eyes are washed with a wash made to prescription by the druggist.

We go out for long walks—at least five miles—every day, and when I'm home I punch the bag. I use my nose, of course. It keeps me in training for ball playing, my favorite diversion.

One day Harry and I were having a catch when a cop came along. I was arrested for indecent exposure, not having a muzzle on, and Harry went to the station house with me. I tried to explain to the judge that I wouldn't bite anybody, but he fined us ten dollars anyway.

I JUST said I wouldn't bite anybody. Let me take that back. Any real he-dog would nip somebody who was attacking a friend, and I did that just once. It was an accident, too, and didn't I feel foolish when I found it out!

"Our Gang"—the whole bunch of us—was making a personal appearance on the stage of a Chicago theatre. As the curtain was coming down, the Master of Ceremonies made a pass at little Wheezer with his foot. I didn't know that he was just kidding, so I made a dive at him and caught the seat of his pants. Well, he dashed off the stage, but the pants and I stayed there.

Harry ran onto the stage and grabbed me. Then he explained that the M. C. was only playing with Wheezer and showed me the two of them together. I was the most embarrassed dog you ever saw, (*Continued on page 91*)

DO HARDSHIPS HELP

YES!



Here are Karen Morley and Tom Keene in "Our Daily Bread," the story the ambitious Keene waited and wished for.

TOM KEENE CLAIMS THAT A ROCKY ROAD INSURES PERMANENT SUCCESS

SURE. I think it is a good thing to suffer for your work. It's a good thing to have to work for anything you get in life. It makes you appreciate it after you get it."

It was young, clear-eyed Tom Keene speaking, a determined, enthusiastic chap who has just finished his role in "Our Daily Bread," the most important picture of his career, a picture on which he staked everything——and won! His performance in this picture has been labeled by critics and fans alike as "inspired" and has won him offers from every studio.

"Hard knocks are good for a fellow," he continued. "Having to fight your own way makes you use your head. There's nothing so admirable in the fact that I have earned my way since I was ten years old," he said modestly. "I had to do it. It was a case of fighting for my existence. It's just like being thrown into a stream when you can't swim. You make for the nearest bank and although you don't know the Australian Crawl, you give your best imitation of it. You swim, all right, because you have to or you go under.

"Sure, I've been hungry, but that didn't hurt me. Who hasn't been hungry? Hell, that's nothing. Of course I've had holes in my shoes. I was lucky when I had shoes. Those things don't matter. Things like that only make you appreciate it more when you get a break."

You can't discover a nickel's worth of self-pity in Tom Keene's make-up. "Ive been (*Continued on page 88*

A FELLOW?

BY FRANC DILLON



NO!



Douglass Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?", a picture in which Doug scored mightily.

DOUG MONTGOMERY DECLARES AN EASY LIFE MAKES FOR EARLY FAME

OF course it isn't necessary to suffer for your art," said Douglass Montgomery heatedly. "That's an exploded theory. It's all nonsense. That idea went out of date along with eyebrow acting and chewing scenery. Hardships when you are young take away your initiative and leave you with no enthusiasm for your work when opportunity comes."

That from the boy who, since his sensational performance in "Little Man, What Now?" has been hailed as Hollywood's newest rave, a boy who has never known privation, who has never wanted for any material thing, who has had every luxury and advantage that money and influence could buy, who has been aided and encouraged in his every ambition by his doting parents, but who has worked as hard as the poorest boy in the street at the work he wanted to do and has made a success at the age of twenty-three.

"If I had a son I would give him every assistance," he continued. "I would see that he never had a worry or distraction to take his mind and energy from the goal he had set out for. I would treat him as my parents have treated me. I would make everything as easy for him as I possibly could.

"I think having success too early, with too little effort on the actor's part, can hurt a career more than financial assistance," he said. "You see, I began so young that I had a measure of success when (*Continued on page 90*)





(Below) Ann has a plaid permant organdie. (Permant means that it won't muss and won't wilt with washing.) She does it in shirtwaist style, with the utmost charm. As the dress stands now, it's the thing for a summer party. Later, the blouse can be worn with a skirt or suit. The colors are yellow, brown and white.

If it's an evening dress that is needed for that trying season which begins with the dog days of August and stretches into Indian Summer, why not have it of satin, like Joan Bennett's (left)? It is white and the shoulder bows are lined with pale green. After it is through being white, it can be dyed black—good for two seasons at least. Then, for late summer sports, try a brown and white checked flannel slacks suit, such as Ann Sothern is wearing (right). You will be glad you chose it when you are lounging about the house later on—after the temperature goes down.

IN-BETWEEN SEASONS—

LIKE THE IN-BETWEEN

AGE—ARE DIFFICULT AT BEST. HERE ARE SOME EXCITING HINTS FOR YOUR END-OF-THE-SUMMER WARDROBE







Two more outfits that will "carry over." (Left) Ann's pink pastel crepe combines a sleeveless dress and Eton jacket. It is trimmed with brown. You can wear such a dress under a brown topcoat—good until late fall. (Right) Ann also wears a yellow chamois jacket with a brown and yellow plaid wool skirt. There is a soft linen blouse under the coat, so that, for hot days or cool ones, the ensemble, or parts of it, are swell.

Black—and what a winner that is, just about this time of the year. The smartest color of all for dressy dressing. Gertrude Michael appreciates its value and adds picturesqueness to the graceful chiffon gown with a wide-brimmed black hat and long black kid gloves. She's ready for the cocktail hour or dinner dancing.

PEPPING UP YOUR *wardrobe*

BY MARGERY WELLS

PEP up a drooping wardrobe! For clothes will become weary when the dog days come, even as you and I. When your spirits are low, there is nothing in the world like a new dress or a blouse or something made over into a new guise to give you a whole new lease on life. I know what I am talking about. I take this tonic often in preference to things in bottles, and it works wonders. Why, a new hat, even, will readjust my entire viewpoint on life, if the hat does things for me.

If you are clever, you will buy these late summer wardrobe additions with a weather eye cast toward fall. By that I mean choose something that is not too particularly a midsummer fashion. Choose something that will carry over into the next season.

For example: it is the middle of August. You need—are positively crying for—a new suit. Very well, then get one of those dark-toned, loosely woven tweeds, preferably with a hip-length coat, for then it will make an interesting accompaniment to your heavy topcoat until Christmas time. And if the weather is too hot, just at the moment, to wear the suit's coat continually, you can make or buy a blouse that will give a two-piece effect along with the tweed skirt. I am thinking of a green tweed I saw. One of those leaf-green shades that are the most intriguing of all the (*Continued on page 100*)


582


595


581

MODERN SCREEN

Patterns







582—Want to look ultra-sporty and race-trackey? Then make yourself this jacket of brown and white linen which Ann Sothern wears so jauntily. It's single-breasted, three buttons in front, breast and hip pockets, and is belted in back. She wears it in "Blind Date." Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36, 38, 40 bust.

595—A very useful blouse is the one worn by Joan Marsh in RKO's "We're Rich Again." Made of black and red sheer crepe, high neck-line, the popular full sleeve and general tailored lines. May be worn with a long black crepe skirt or a sports skirt. In sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36—40 bust.

581—A dress you'll get an awful lot of wear out of both summer and winter. Flattering to the slim and slenderizing to the not-so-slim. A wide double collar, a sleeve that's refreshingly different and a simple skirt. Ann Sothern wears it in red and white checked crepe. Sizes 14, 16, 18; 36—40 bust.

Patterns are 15c each. Pattern book is 15c when ordered separately—it is 10c when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost 20c each, the book 20c separately and 15c when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

You will find some excellent knitting patterns on page 16.

"Their Skin is 10 years younger than their Age"

Dermatologists examine skin of noted beauties

Find it free from skin faults usual at their age



Mrs. Robert McAdoo

"Mrs. McAdoo's skin has the fresh appearance of a skin in the twenties. There are no noticeably large pores, wrinkles or disfiguring marks."—*Dermatologist's report.*

Mrs. McAdoo says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and several times during the day."



Lady Smiley

"Lady Smiley's skin has the bloom of a girl in her teens. Circulation very good. No blemishes."—*London Physician's report.*

Lady Smiley says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clean and soft—prepares it for powder." (Note: Pond's is the largest selling Cold Cream in England.)



Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Jr.

"Mrs. Spreckels has a perfect skin, younger than her age. Texture fine, tone excellent. No blackheads."—*Dermatologist's report.*

Mrs. Spreckels says: "Two years ago I began using Pond's. My skin began to get smoother. Lines left, never came back."

DERMATOLOGISTS judge the age of your skin by certain definite points.

Loss of tone . . . impaired vasomotor circulation . . . development of wrinkles . . . loss of natural skin oils.

From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally "blooms." Its texture is satiny . . . the color glows. The skin is firm—unlined.

From twenty on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins. Deep down in your skin thousands of tiny oil glands are beginning to function less and less.

Then the skin shrinks! Gets harsh—lined.

Replace natural oils . . . this way

The only way to check these faults is to replace those failing oils!

That is what Pond's Cold Cream does!

It contains the purest of specially processed oils that sink into the skin . . . stir up the deep skin to vigorous action. Revitalize it. Liven up the circulation. Erase lines that are threatening to crease into wrinkles.

That is the reason the women who use Pond's have skin that appears a full ten years younger, or more, than their actual age.

Today—1 out of every 5 women who use cream uses Pond's — though there are over a thousand creams!



Deep-penetrating, Specially Processed Oils in this Cream keep skin Young—*soft—wrinkle-free*

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS *in 20's*



Roughness **Blackheads and large pores** **Dryness**



Laughter lines **Little blemishes**

FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS *after 30*



Crêpy skin **Worry lines** **Sallowness**



Sagging tissues **Discolorations**

Pond's is a superb cleanser and much more than a cleanser. Use it night and morning for pore-deep cleansing, for softening, for tissue stimulation—always before applying make-up. Pond's Cold Cream serves every complexion need.

Pond's also makes Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new quicker melting cream that melts the instant it touches the skin. Not only is this new cream a thorough cleanser, but it contains the same specially processed oils as the famous Pond's Cold Cream.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses. Corrects skin faults. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. ***Pond's Liquefying Cream*** serves the same purposes — is quicker melting. Cleanses and beautifies.

Give it a 3-day trial . . . Tear out the coupon below this very day and send with 10¢ for a liberal supply of this youth-sustaining cream with samples of three other beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
50 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a three days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different *Light* shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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The charm of lovely eyes

can be yours **with MAYBELLINE**





Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but . . . insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations . . . for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Let's Fight for Our Movies

(*Continued from page 27*)

picture that is tremendously successful at the box office is the one that has been advertised by the people, by word of mouth. In other words, the stamp of public approval is placed on a motion picture (and this is the *only* real approval) because it is found to be good entertainment by the majority.

NOW then, let us look at the pictures that have received this vast public approbation, or shall we call it "the loud voice of the great majority?" Let us see, by examination, just what we would lose in the way of entertainment were we to allow this minority to dictate to the majority. What were the greatest pictures of the past five years? What were the "Ten Best Pictures" of each year from 1929 to 1934? Here they are:

Disraeli, Broadway Melody, Madame X, Rio Rita, Gold Diggers of Broadway, Bulldog Drummond, In Old Arizona, The Cock-Eyed World, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, Hallelujah, All Quiet on the Western Front, Abraham Lincoln, Holiday, Journey's End, Anna Christie, The Big House, With Byrd at the South Pole, The Divorcee, Hell's Angels, Back Street, Cimarron, Street Scene, Bad Girl, Min and Bill, Front Page, Five Star Final, City Lights, A Free Soul, Sin of Madelon Claudet, Grand Hotel, The Champ, Arrowsmith, The Guardsman, Smilin' Through, Scarface, Cavalcade, 42nd Street, Private Life of Henry VIII, Lady for a Day, State Fair, Farewell to Arms, She Done Him Wrong, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Maedchen in Uniform, Rasputin and the Empress.

How many of "The Ten Best" would you lose if the type of minority censorship, which is now threatened, had been in power during the five years just past? I shall point out a few.

"The Divorcee." This picture would be banned simply because of its subject matter—divorce. Did it contaminate you? Would you like to give it up from your memories of happy hours spent in the theatre?

"Back Street." A picture with this theme wouldn't have a chance of gaining admittance. It would come under the head of "the type of picture dealing with the seamy side of life." It was a truly beautiful picture, though, wasn't it?

"Farewell to Arms." At least, the critical minority would cut out the memorable scene of seduction under the monument —although at the time that picture was showing several of my most devout friends called this scene, "the most poignantly beautiful scene ever to appear in picture form." Would you like to lose "Farewell to Arms"?

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM." A German-made picture that truly stirred artistic people to praise and by its record, must have played to at least fifty million theatre-goers. I wouldn't like to stand the chance of losing this picture, would you?

And we could list many more: "Bill of Divorcement," "She Done Him Wrong," "Grand Hotel," "Private Life of Henry VIII," "The Cock-Eyed World," "Anna Christie," "Hell's Angels, "Bad Girl," "The Front Page" and "Street Scene." In fact, at least half of the "Best Pictures of the Year" would never have reached us had we been silly enough to allow a minority to lead us for the past five years.

Are we going to sit back, as did the majority on one other memorable occasion, and allow the minority to foist their ideas off on us? Don't forget, it took the majority fourteen years to awaken to their own convictions in one case. Are we going to allow this to happen again? Are we willing to take the chance that for the next fourteen years we shall see only gaga, unreal and biased entertainment, or are we going to stand on the house-tops in the beginning and force the minority to accept the fact that the majority rules?

"But," say the minority, "you are contaminating youth and your pictures are not fit for the young!"

Bosh! In the first place, children will not go to see "children's pictures." This has been proved in each of the many instances where Hollywood has tried to meet the minority by making pictures with a children-appeal. "Skippy" was a success. "Alice in Wonderland" was a failure. In each case, it was not the children who made the picture a success or failure, it was the adults. The adults liked "Skippy" and they did not like "Alice in Wonderland" and for that reason alone one was a success and the other a failure. In the second place, I, for one, cannot subscribe to the fact that the youth of our present generation is any better or any worse than the youth of any other generation. Listen to what one famous leader and teacher has to say on the subject of movies and the children:

"No normal person of any age can be influenced by the movies to do anything that is normally foreign to him. Those defectives, who are criminally inclined, need no movies or hypnotism to influence them to crime or other wrong-doing." This same man also places before us another fact from his experience: "To be good, one must experience the bad. The movies are the safest vicarious experience for normal young men and women. The movies not only entertain them, but give them a good education in mastering the vicissitudes and hardships of life which they might have to overcome at the expense of much greater cost."

In Europe, screen entertainment often comes under the head of propaganda. If a picture isn't teaching a "lesson," it is not considered worth while. Perhaps that accounts for a bit of boredom on the part of audiences abroad. How would you like lectures served up to you under the head of amusements?

Of course Hollywood makes mistakes. Each picture is, in reality, a judgment. Some man or group has to sit in judgment and decide that each of the five hundred pictures that is made each year is "good entertainment." Of course they make mistakes. But the fact remains that most of these mistakes relegate the resultant pictures to the list of "the worst pictures of the year" (at the box office) and thus the public has said, in effect, "You were wrong, Mr. Producer, we do not like this judgment. There is something in this picture that is not handled with good taste. We will not tell our friends to see this picture." Why shouldn't the public be allowed to pick and choose rather than a few reformers?

Hollywood, however, is the very first to realize that smut-for-smut's-sake doesn't pay and, in fact, shouldn't be used in pictures. Five years ago they began paying the salary of Will Hays whose sole duty was to sit in judgment after the producer had decided. Beyond this, Hollywood has

(*Continued on page 78*)



Sally's pretty and Sally's *smart!*



She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have *you* seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!



MIRIAM HOPKINS PARAMOUNT STAR

NRA CODE

It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . works on days when ordinary films fail.



Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

(Continued from page 76)

been faced with several State Censor Boards and almost three hundred Municipal Censor Boards. Within the past few months, Hollywood has gone even a step further in attempting to produce entertainment that would offend no one: a paid censor on the set of every picture in production.

But what is objectionable?

THIS question remains unanswered because my experience proves to me conclusively that this question *may* be answered in almost as many different ways as there are members of the minority. For example:

Some years ago, I was in the office of C. B. DeMille when he received two communications from censor boards concerning their reaction to his current picture. Both of them were telegrams, both arrived at a single moment, both concerned the same subject and here is just about how they read:

1. "We have just viewed your latest picture (naming it) and find that we shall have to ban it completely from our theatres. No amount of cutting would make it possible to sanction its appearance."

2. "Congratulations! We have just seen your picture (naming it) and want to take this means of telling you how happy we are that it is to appear in the theatres of our city. It will prove to be a great moral lesson to our community, one of the greatest it has ever received from the screen."

Well, what is the answer? The above examples are indicative of the usual vacillation of the person or body who sets out to say what is good and what is not. One body decries divorce—so we shall never show divorce on the screen? Another refuses to countenance medical treatment—so we shouldn't show "Men in White?" Each other body has a separate and different axe to grind in the cause of youth and morals. How can Hollywood satisfy them all? Or, has it already done an almost super-human job along that line? After all, motion pictures are but twenty-five years old and are the fourth largest industry in the country. Did they arrive at that position by continually offending the moral and decent outlook of the great majority?

As Rupert Hughes said recently in a magazine article:

". . . I do not believe that the motion picture has ever brought any evil to a community that did not already exist there, but it has brought untold happiness, entertainment, surcease from sorrow, the ability to laugh at depressing circumstances and a relief from monotony to millions. I think it is about time for someone to come out in favor of Hollywood."

Then I should like to be that one.

I am for Hollywood. I sincerely believe that the famous product of Hollywood, motion pictures, is a great and present need in the lives of all of us. I further believe that the great majority of movie-goers would prefer to have variety in their entertainment: Disraeli, Back Street, State Fair, Broadway Melody, Cimarron, Min and Bill, Bad Girl. I believe that Hollywood should rightfully be allowed as much freedom, at least, as they have had in the past while they make a sincere effort to bring to you the sort of decent entertainment you enjoy.

Get behind Hollywood! See that the Voice of the Great Majority is raised before it is too late!

WHAT THE NATION'S BIG-WIGS THINK OF THE CURRENT WAR ON PICTURES
Read what prominent clergymen and national personalities have to say about this censorship fuss in the October issue of
MODERN SCREEN

One Girl's True Hollywood Experiences

(Continued from page 33)

putting you in stock." I felt dizzy. "Say at about thirty-five or forty dollars a week. We want to train you a while in small parts, so you won't be camera-shy."

There was a lot more but I can't remember it. A contract offer—or anyway, a half-promise of one. All I recall now is that I sailed out of that office like Little Eva Going to Heaven. Maybe some day I'll be a star. But I know right now that never will any success give me the heart-thrill of that first contract talk in Hollywood. I had to tell somebody and thought of Sid Brown.

"Hi-di-ho, Sid. Guess what?"

He did. "Contract?" he asked. "Where?"

"Columbia!"

"That calls," he laughed, "for a celebration. Come on." He grabbed his hat, yanked me through the door, yelled, "I'm gone for the day," to his astounded secretary, and rushed me into an elevator.

WE went to the home of some of Sid's friends. They served highballs. I don't like whiskey, so I didn't drink. Sid did. I didn't mind—not then. About midnight, we drove home. We walked up the steps of my apartment and I said good night.

But Sid never said a word. He just smiled, brushed past me, and walked into my house. Still I didn't sense anything wrong. I must have been a fool, but he'd been so square-shooting up to then.

I sat down on the couch and wondered what to say. He sat beside me, close. He put his arm around me and tried to kiss me. It surprised me—from Sid. I tried to laugh him off, but it didn't work.

"My dear," he said, his face ludicrously sincere, "how do you ever expect to become a great actress if you don't experience *everything?*"

"Everything?" I said in a tiny voice.

"What I mean is—well—you should have an affair."

I didn't know whether to laugh or scream. The flat-footedness of it was amazing. But I was terrified.

"I—I don't believe that's necessary, Sid—I mean Mr. Brown. I have ideals, ideals which I don't intend to break—Hollywood or no Hollywood!" I went dramatic. "If I find it necessary to sell my

(Continued on page 80)



The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

No more blind dates for me!



"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day*.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.

(*Continued from page 78*)

soul to get into the movies, then I'll go home instead."

He came toward me. I begged him to let me alone. I tried to get away from him, but he held he. I screamed:

"Let me alone—I'm not going to bother with any man like you."

He looked frightened. I was loud. He seemed to realize someone might hear my screams. He couldn't afford that; he had a position in this town. He rose and grinned sheepishly, and at the same time arrogantly.

He picked up his hat. "Well, good night." He slammed the door.

I sank to my knees and thanked God.

I never saw him again. That night, before I went to bed, I wrote in my diary, to try to calm myself for sleep:

I WILL never again trust any man in Hollywood—never."

Am I old-fashioned? I don't think so. Am I too, too "dumb?" Am I wrong when I believe a girl can crash pictures and still be decent? Am I to believe that all these girls I saw in pictures got there only one way? No. I won't believe it. There are too many fine girls there. I've met many of them. But why does every man think if he does anything at all for a girl, she's got to pay him back?

Some day, I know, I'm going to love a man enough to marry him. Am I wrong in believing I should go to him clean—I see here I wrote that in my diary that night, too.

I lay awake a long time, that night. I realized that being a young girl alone in Hollywood wasn't all roses and sweetness. I decided I needed someone to whom I could turn for help, advice, when necessary. I thought it all out. And the next day, I went to an office building, picked at random a lawyer's name from the directory, and walked into the office of one Milton Golden, attorney.

He was a rather young chap.

"I want a guardian," I said. "I'm here, alone, trying to get into pictures. I realize I'll need advice, on a professional basis."

He smiled. "You've had some experiences?" he asked, with a keen look that told me he knew what had happened. I liked him right away.

"I have," I said. From then on, Mr. Golden helped me often. He knows his Hollywood. I'll mention him again, later.

"Monday—Today I went to Columbia, for my test."

That's the way the entry in my diary begins to tell of that first screen test of mine. I was up at the crack of dawn that day. The phone rang when I started to dress. It was the studio. "Don't come until noon," the girl said. "And bring a formal dress of some kind."

Long before noontime I took a street car. The dress was over my arm, and people on the car looked at me oddly. My nerves were getting all tangled up. Every jolt of the car increased my jitters. By the time I staggered into Columbia's casting office, I was shaking like a leaf.

"Tree?" a voice greeted me. "Go up to the hairdressing parlor."

I'M Eva Beryl Tree. I'm to have a hairdress," I said when I arrived.

"Get a make-up on first."

"I'm to have a make-up," I explained to a make-up man.

"You can put your own mouth on, can't you?" he asked. I tried. Nervous as I was, it looked like the edge of a buzz-saw when I had finished. The man made up my face. I saw a stranger in the mirror as I got out of the chair and searched my way back to the hairdressing parlor.

Suddenly it seemed as though an electric current had been shot through the room. Everybody began staring down the hall. And into the door, John Barrymore—the great Jack Barrymore—stepped.

I don't know whether he'd been sweating or swimming but his hair was sopping wet. The locks hung down over his eyes. He was there to have it fixed up.

He slouched into the room. He slumped into the chair next to mine. He never looked to right or left. My elbow grazed his. But he never saw me.

Under his breath, he muttered, "Cigarette."

Instantly the word resounded. "Cigarette," said the man behind him. "Cigarette," said the girl behind me. "Cigarette," said the man down the room. "Cigarette," said another person nearby. "Cigarette," said a voice in the hallway. Four persons in my range of vision started toward him with cigarette packs. Barrymore reached into his pocket and drew out a cigarette and put it to his lips.

Four matches burst into flame at once. Barrymore drew a lighter from his pocket and lit his cigarette. Then he closed his eyes and they went to work on his hair while he smoked.

"There. You're done," said my operator. I looked nice. I'd been so busy watching Barrymore from the corner of my eye that I hadn't noticed, before. She'd done it in a sort of halo, around my head.

THERE were five other girls taking the test at the same time.

I waited through four tests. A bedroom set. No lines to speak. No "business" to do. Just: "Stand in front of the camera—smile prettily—now turn to the right—turn to the left—now turn around—and smile prettily."

I stepped into a circle of blinding lights. Beyond their haze, I saw a sea of blank faces. There must have been thirty-five men there. Twelve of them seemed to be stooges for the director. Two cameramen. All this to have me and five others turn around in front of a camera.

I felt an arm around me. "There's nothing to fear, my dear," said the director. If he'd pointed a gun at me and said the same words, I couldn't have been more scared. I shivered, quivered, shook.

"Roll it," he said.

I looked startled, and then I heard the cameras whirring softly. I realized with a shock that at last I was being photographed before a movie camera.

"Now turn around, dear," he said. "And don't hold your neck so stiff."

I floated around with a strained expression and bounced out of camera range.

"You're out of bounds," he yelled. (Penalized five yards, I thought, ridiculously, in my panic.)

"Now smile sweetly," he said. I managed to squeeze a strained approximation of one with lips tightly pursed.

"Show your teeth."

I did. A scream:

"No, no! Smile!" I grimaced as I tried and know I looked as if I'd bitten into a hot potato. I couldn't smile, so I laughed.

I TURNED around again, tripped out of bounds on the hem of my skirt, and gave it up for a bad job.

"Cut!"

My eyes were full of tears. I ran up the stairs to the dressing-room and tore off my frock. I dived into my street clothes, rushed out, hurried home, flopped on my couch, and cried.

And when I'd gotten it out of me, I called Mr. Golden and tried to tell him

(*Continued on page 82*)

Sun-faded Fabrics become Gay and New Again with Tintex



Use TINTEX for

Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs
Stockings • Slips • Men's Shirts
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Curtains • Bed Spreads
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Summer wardrobes rejuvenated! —at the cost of but a few cents!



NO need to buy new dresses and sportswear to replace the faded ones in your wardrobe. Just buy Tintex—*and save many, many dollars!*

Quickly...easily...you can restore the original color, or give an entirely different color, to every faded fabric. And what marvelous results! Only expensive professional work can equal the perfection of Tintex.

Start using Tintex today—35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

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Tintex *World's Largest Selling* **Tints & Dyes**



Beautiful Hair

IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Have the lure and charm of lovely hair without the expense of a hairdresser. It is now possible to keep your hair in a lovely wave at a very nominal cost to you. Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET keeps your hair soft and lustrous, and it is so easily applied that today it has become the most popular WAVESET at your cosmetic counter.

Prove to yourself that Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET will give your hair the alluring wave and sheen so popular among stage and screen stars.

Today, instead of getting an expensive hair dress, try this wonderful discovery. You will be amazed how easy it is to successfully dress your own hair with Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET. Just use a comb or your fingers and set the waves best suited for your coiffure. In a few minutes your hair is dry and free from flakes. Comb out and you have a beautiful lustrous wave and a sheen that will match the attractiveness of your favorite stage or screen star.

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK—DRY" WAVESET may be purchased in a six-ounce comb dip bottle for 10c at all good cosmetic shops, department and 10c stores.

Dr. Ellis' Lemon-Oil Concentrate SHAMPOO.

Dr. Ellis' Original Skin BALM.

Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" Wave Fluid CONCENTRATE.

Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" Waveset POWDER.



Written by Dr. Ellis enroute to Chicago, 8000 feet in the air in his Stinson Plane, piloted by Captain J. B. Franklin, President of the Franklin Airways Advertising Corp., Pittsburgh, Penna.

(Continued from page 80)

what had happened. He seemed to understand.

"Come up when you feel better," he said. "I've an idea."

I made a date to see him the next day.

He was smiling when I stepped into his office. I was feeling better by then. And after all, I still had hopes on that Columbia test. It couldn't possibly, I told myself, be as bad as I was afraid it was. And maybe, after they'd seen it, Columbia would definitely make me that contract proposition Perlberg had spoken about a few days ago. All I could do now, on that, was wait.

"Just a minute," said my lawyer-guardian. He pulled the telephone over and said, "Get me Friedman."

He talked rapidly to someone about "a girl you ought to see." Slammed the receiver back, told me to come along as he rose.

"Where?"

"To Fox."

We drove out to Westwood Hills. Fox Studio is a huge place, covering a great deal of ground and surrounded by a high wall. It's Hollywood's biggest and prettiest lot, I think. They seemed to know him there, and Mr. Golden and I were in the office of Casting Director Friedman very soon. Friedman wasted no time.

"Let me see your profile." I turned.

"M-m-m, nice. My, it's good to see a girl with blonde hair, not platinum." He pressed a button. To a girl, he said, "Ask Mr. Pembroke and Mr. Hawley to come in. I want them to see a girl who might get a test."

THEY came. Pembroke tall, blonde, blue-eyed and awfully likeable. Hawley small, typically Irish, sandy-haired. Friedman turned to Pembroke.

"Perc, I want to give this girl a test," he said. "Soon as possible. How about it?" Pembroke nodded, turned to me.

"Come along, Miss Tree." We went upstairs, to his office. I learned later, that he was Test Director there. "Any particular role you'd like to do?" he asked. "I know a scene from 'Lilies of the Field,'" I told him. "Come back Monday and bring it."

That was all. But the spirits that had gone to the bottom after the experiences of the preceding day and night were soaring sky-high again.

Oh, when I look back on those days—when I read those entries in my diary, written in the excitement of high hopes—I wonder why more girls don't go simply stark mad in this roller-coaster place. Up to the heights one moment, down to the bottom the next.

If I'd known then of the heartaches that were to follow, there on the Fox lot, for me, I wonder if I'd gone through with what was to come. I wonder, if I'd had foresight, whether or not I'd even have taken the test. But ambition's strong. I probably would have—just as I did. Went up to the seventh heaven of anticipation, only to find myself sent hurtling back to the bottomest pit of disillusionment—and all because of a little star who I always thought was the sweetest, finest, greatest little actress on the screen. Because of her, I said—not at her hand, though. She probably hasn't the slightest idea that because a No. 1 Man thought I looked and acted a bit too much like her, I was to lose out on what from every other viewpoint was the certainty of a fine contract.

Mr. Golden drove me home from Fox. I thought the day was already full of great news as we sped along. When I got home, I found I had still more of it—

There were two notes from my landlady, who was sweet enough to answer my phone while I was out.

"Paramount called. Call them back. Ask for Miss Laughton," one read.

"Warner Brothers called. Call them back. Ask for Mr. Mayberry."

I hurried to her rooms.

"What does this mean?" I laughed. "Are you pulling a gag on me?"

"No," she said seriously, "They both want you to come over for tests."

I called them back. It was the truth. I made dates at both studios for the morrow.

That night, I wrote this in my diary—

"I know I'm going to land now. Four studios, fighting for me!" I'm reading those words now and I remember that night, I remember myself lying in bed, wide awake, dreaming of being a star, of making my mother happy with the cottage she'd always wanted, of having all the clothes I wanted and an automobile of my own and trips galore, of sending my little brother to Stanford where he always said he wanted to go when he finished school.

I remember now how I thank God for being so good to me, when I said my prayers that night. I even slipped my Bible under my pillow. I thought He'd like it.

Life in Hollywood as a movie-crasher goes merrily on its roller-coaster way with Eva Beryl Tree, in her next installment. As she confided to her diary, several studios seemed to be battling for her—but she learns how cruelly Hollywood can tumble one from hope's heights to despair's depths. She learns how a newcomer is at the mercy of the make-up man, the hairdresser, the camera crew, the director. Some men, she decides, are dears, and others are devils. Through it all, she continues to work her way in, in, ever in deeper into Hollywood's mysteries and maneuverings.

Is Von Sternberg Ruining Marlene?

(Continued from page 29)

Von Sternberg chooses all Dietrich's stories and, being essentially a cameraman, he is looking for scenic effects rather than great acting scenes.

He okays all her publicity and even—or so the story goes—once ordered an interview "killed," an interview that Dietrich had liked, because it did not make her glamorous enough. Naturally, Dietrich allowed him to kill the story.

When "Twentieth Century" was being filmed, Dietrich visited the set one day. As she walked on she discovered John Barrymore doing an imitation of Von Sternberg which had everybody in stitches. At first Dietrich seemed shocked. She glanced around quickly to see if Von Sternberg were nearby. When she discovered he was not—she laughed.

All of these incidents will show you how completely dominated Dietrich is by Von Sternberg at the studio. There are some stories too sinister even to be rumored, but those close to Dietrich—and there are very few—feel sure that Von Sternberg would be delighted if Marlene's daughter, Maria, were shipped back to

(Continued on page 84)

Have Dainty Legs
Avoid All Re-growths

MAKE UGLY LEG & ARM HAIR INVISIBLE with MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash



New Black & Gold Package 1934



"DARK hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears," writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice, I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (*It actually made the hair invisible.*) Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about regrowths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth, but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light, unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20-30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's Hair Experts Develop Marvelous New Castile Shampoo to Cleanse All Shades of Hair

Now a shampoo that brings out the hidden beauty of the hair—Natural lustre and color—soft, caressable texture. The new Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses perfectly and rinses completely—that's why it leaves hair so lustrous. For everyone—brunettes, blondes, titians. Does not lighten or change the color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo. This New product is entirely different from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which is used to lighten hair.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. M.M. 934.

Name.....

Address.....City.....State.....

I thought I was different



I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!
Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.

keep "regular" with
NON HABIT-FORMING
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(*Continued from page 82*)

Germany. One rumor about how he tried to accomplish this is going the rounds of Hollywood, but I should not care to repeat it here.

Now, Marlene does, on the set, exactly as Von Sternberg orders. Never, at her home, does she rehearse her part or try to create it to her own liking. She studies her lines and rehearses before Von Sternberg because he does not want her to come to the studio with any preconceived notions about how the role should be played.

It has also been talked around that Von Sternberg used a very unusual trick in one of the last pictures to enforce his domination over not only Dietrich, but also over the other actors and actresses on the set. They say he ordered that the individual scripts of dialogue be printed without punctuation for all the actors—for the following reason: He did not want any of the actors or actresses in this picture to so familiarize themselves with the dialogue that he would not be able to tell them how to speak it.

PERHAPS you think Marlene is one of those easily moulded women. Not at all. Away from her director she has opinions of her own. She has strong likes and dislikes.

Not so long ago she, who so often fights shy of interviewers, broke down and talked at length to a MODERN SCREEN reporter. Usually so silent, Marlene spoke with utmost frankness. And these are some of the things she said:

"This is life. Right now. Today. This hour. This minute. You cannot always be waiting to do and to be what you honestly want to do and be. What you don't take, you miss.

"In Hollywood, I cannot do as some do—work, work, work—and save my money for the manner of life I want later on. I must have a nice house, a sunny garden for Maria, my servants from Germany with me.

"That is why I think about making pictures in France. In France I can live pleasantly for less money. In France actresses are not taxed so heavily. There I would not have to pay sixty per cent of my income to the government. So even if I did not make as much I would have more."

Speaking of her husband, Rudolph Seiber, she said, "When two people love each other, no outside thing should interfere. They should know how it is between them. I haven't a strong sense of possession toward a man. Maybe that's because I am not particularly feminine in my reactions. I have never been. I have never wanted feminine attractions. Even when I was younger I did not want to attract boys. In fact, I very much wanted *not* to attract them. I had no beaux, no crushes, until I met my husband."

Now all this constitutes the attitude of an intense individualist, a woman not cut from any pattern. In her private life she has strong opinions of her own and, when she is in the mood to talk, she is not afraid to express them.

Why, then, I ask you, is she under the complete dominance of Josef Von Sternberg when she comes on the set? She considers him a great man, a genius, a god. Opposing Von Sternberg on any issue, Paramount has discovered that it opposes Marlene, too. If Marlene cannot make the picture Von Sternberg has chosen for her and make it as he feels it should be made, she prefers, infinitely, to make no picture at all. Even though this forces her into open, nerve-wracking, exhausting rebellion—even though this means money out of her pocket.

Yes, sir—Josef Von Sternberg has the Indian sign on Marlene Dietrich. It is curious to see what he is doing with that power.

I WANT you to see "The Scarlet Empress." I honestly want you to watch the beautiful, fascinating Marlene Dietrich ploughing her way through that cumbersome, massive film. And then, if you're as great a Dietrich fan as I am, if you have a belief in her very real acting ability—maybe you'll sit down and write her, begging her to try another man at the megaphone.

I think that Von Sternberg has failed in his duty toward Marlene's public, in the duty he imposed upon himself when he discovered her in Germany. I want to know what you think about it.

It has taken a long time but from picture to picture Von Sternberg has been slowly and surely devitalizing Dietrich. Now comes the grand climax of that process in "The Scarlet Empress." The film is a dreadful hodge-podge of sets. Full of gargoyles, confused episodes and action so vague and fleeting (as if Von Sternberg were afraid of action) that you hardly know what is happening. Through this maze walks the beautiful, exciting Dietrich—a woman who could be such a splendid actress if properly guided, but who is slowly being ruined because she believes every word that Von Sternberg tells her about pictures, because she leaves her strong personal opinions at home and because she is an individual only when away from her master. She is putty—beautiful putty, it is true—when she is in his hands on the set.

I'm sure that it would delight Paramount if Dietrich would walk in and say, "In my next picture I shall have another director." The studio knows, surely, that if left alone Von Sternberg will ruin their valuable property—Dietrich. Can't something be done to save her?

Von Sternberg is a fine director. He has proven that, but it is not good for one man to direct one star forever.

Let Von Sternberg take other actresses who would profit by the low key in which he has emotional scenes played, who could learn something of fine restraint from him.

But Dietrich needs to step out and become the real, the vibrant, the great actress she can be if she will shake loose the Von Sternberg dominance.

AND remember this. I'm speaking of Von Sternberg's dominance in a purely professional way. It is only when Marlene comes on the set that she accedes to his every whim.

I cite as an example the time when her beloved little daughter, Maria, was threatened by kidnappers. Marlene has refused to mention this for a long time but she did break her silence recently.

"Never," she said, "will I forget the night I came home from the studios and my maid handed me that first special delivery letter. It was filled with horrible words, spelled with letters cut from newspapers. It warned me that if I did not give the writer $10,000 as a first payment against his demands that Maria would be kidnapped.

"The house we lived in at that time was set far back from the street at the intersection of a boulevard. I was instructed to leave the money in five and ten dollar bills, in a package on the floor of a car parked ten inches from the curb.

"Their diabolical cunning only added to my fears.

"They could secure money left in this way easily, under cover of the traffic, when their car was held up with all the others at this particular crossroad.

"We put the money in the car. And all day and all night we sat in the house, our eyes glued on Maria. I notified the police in spite of their warnings not to. We hired guards. It was like nothing real.

"The next day the second of what was to be a chain of letters arrived. They had seen the car and the package of money. They also had known the police were watching. They demanded $20,000.

"It kept up for months. We lived in constant terror. We put bars at our windows until we were living in a prison. Guards were with us constantly and yet there was that never ceasing fear that maybe there would be one moment when the vigilance would not be great enough.

"The only good thing about it is that my husband was with me. Always when I am in difficulties it is the same—not that he comes because of the difficulties. Always he comes for a happy visit. And then he is with me when I need him.

You see? It is Rudolph Seiber, her husband, who is with her in times of personal stress. It is to him she turns for aid in her private life.

She gives her screen life to Josef Von Sternberg. And that is bad, bad for her career.

For I think that all loyal Dietrich fans deserve the privilege of seeing her act under another's direction. After you've seen "The Scarlet Empress" you'll know what I mean. Let's try to convince Dietrich that she needs someone else on the set. Write to her. Tell her so. I truly believe that Paramount Studios—whether they will admit it or not—would thank us.

And you—Marlene—you're greater than Von Sternberg. He has done all he can for you. He brought you to America. He discovered you. You want to be loyal to him, I know, but you really should show some loyalty to the fans who believe in you.

Listen, Marlene—just between you and me—why don't you just *try* another director!

Suppose You Were Gary's Wife?

(*Continued from page 30*)

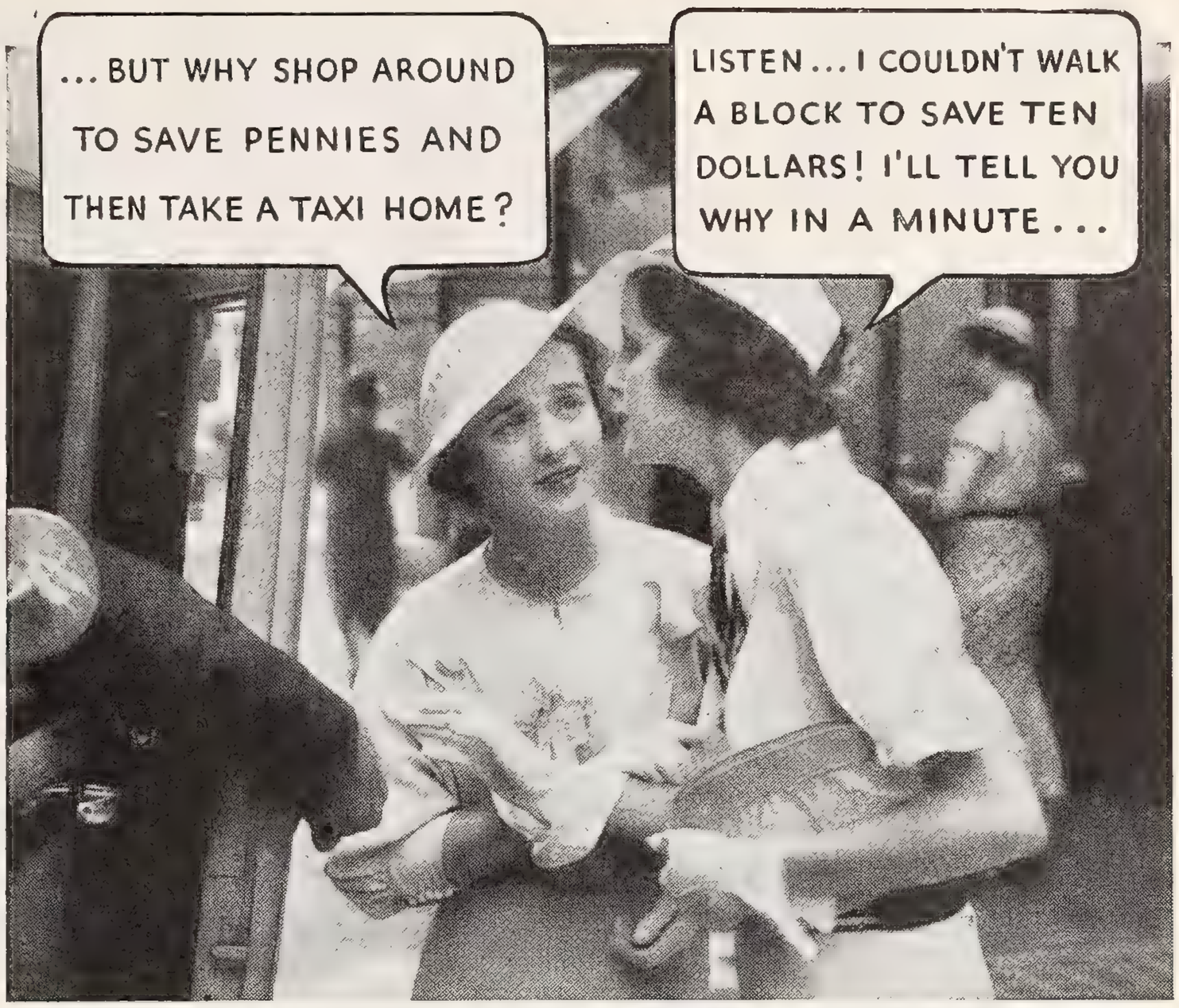
Hollywood or Gary.

THE other day, a famous star said to me, "I feel so sorry for Mrs. Cooper. She has never had anything!"

I gasped. Here was a girl whose mother probably took in washing to feed her babies saying that another girl—who attended on-the-Hudson schools and has never been without a personal attendant to pamper each desire—never had anything. And then the great psychological chasm between these two opened before me. The star is making $100,000 a year. She has had every experience life can offer before she is twenty-five and they are all experiences of her own creating. Her money, her fun, her heartaches, her knowledge have come from her own actions. So to her, the protected socialite from New York City never had anything.

Veronica Balfe loves Gary Cooper. She would not do anything to hurt him, intentionally. How can a girl from Miss Bennett's School know that the removal of "ugly" animal heads might hurt a man.

Now Mrs. Cooper has rented Grace Moore's beautiful, "correct" home on the fashionable outskirts of Los Angeles at $1250 a month. She has bought gorgeous



LET'S SPEAK PLAINLY . . . When napkins harden *they hurt!*

INFERIOR napkins can harden until they cut like knives. An unforseen delay in changing them—and hardened edges chafe until every step is torment.

Modess starts soft and stays soft! And for reasons that you can actually *see* and *feel*.

Make this ten-second test for weeks of greater comfort

Check over the special materials used in making Modess.

Run your finger tips over the soft, surgical gauze. And feel that downy layer just beneath the gauze? That's Zobec—exclusive with Modess. Press the pad between the palms of your hands. Thistledown softness! The Modess filler is cellulose at last made perfect for this purpose. Pure cellulose—100% disposable. And because it is so fluffy, the Modess filler can't harden and chafe.

Then notice how Modess is put together.

The fluffy filler is wrapped around with a covering as soft as the finest facial tissues. And notice particularly—all edges are rounded. No sharp edges to invite painful hardening.

A quality napkin. But listen . . .

Modess is not expensive!

This quality napkin sells at an amazingly low price.

Ask your druggist or department store for Modess. Discover the extra assurance this finer sanitary napkin can bring you!

Vacation Special

For a limited time only—two regular boxes of Modess (12 napkins in each box) with special Gift "Travel Package" of 4 Modess napkins . . . All for 39¢

At your druggist's, or your favorite department store

MODESS
STAYS SOFT IN USE!

THE NEW MODESS BOX IS IN BLUE AND GRAY WITH A CONVENIENT SIDE OPENING



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Use Travel Package first. If Modess is not the finest sanitary napkin you have ever tried, you may return, unopened, the full size packages to the Modess Corporation for refund.

FEET FIRST *into Fashion*



GRIFFIN ALLWITE for all white shoes

For that "new shoe" finish, be sure you use GRIFFIN ALLWITE. Not a chalky coating that soon wears away. This *different* cleaner actually removes spots, cleans as it whitens, and will not rub off on clothing or upholstery.

Use GRIFFIN ALLWITE on all white shoes, fabric or leather. Buy it for as little as 10¢ . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.



"Accept No Substitute, There Isn't Any"

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC., B'KLYN, N. Y.

linens—about $7000 worth—to make her tables true to the customs to which she was wed before she wed Gary.

But Gary loved his home on the ranch eighteen miles from Hollywood. Tucked away at the foot of a hill, its rambling indifference reminded him of the great sweeps of space in Montana where he rode horses and dreamed about a girl like Veronica Balfe who would become his wife. I don't suppose he once thought about becoming her husband. Men don't.

And Gary is still that boy, you see. And always will be. His surface has changed but his interior was molded even before he went to England to school. While still a school boy, he didn't like England. He yearned to return to the simplicity and the broad western A's of Montana.

BEFORE he moved onto this ranch, he rented a home on Chevy Chase Drive in fashionable Beverly Hills. Although it was in a fashionable district, he chose the place because the living-room was large enough to hold his hunting trophies. As you entered it, two lions stood at the sides of the doors. The heads were on pedestals; the skins dropped over the pedestals to the floor. The effect was startling and made us city-bred folk jump a little. Other animals and mounted wild things stood and hung everywhere.

And I remember Lupe's home when Gary was a constant visitor there. Heads everywhere. Some of her lovely paintings relegated to closets to make room for what Gary liked. I remember the time he decided to paint scenes upon the fireplace in the corner of the little library. Outdoor Mexican shots. Gary started out to become a painter, you know. Studied art in an Iowa college. Friends told Lupe the proportions were not right in his painting. "Leave it alone. It's the way Gary sees it," she answered.

And the very first thing I heard about Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, when they had returned to Hollywood, was: "He is so wonderful to her. He tries so hard. He has little mannerisms like crooking his finger—actorish. He tries to correct them for her because you know it isn't done."

But Gary *is* an actor.

However, against all this seeming divergence between Park Avenue and Montana is love—all in capital letters, so I wanted him to talk about his marriage.

HE shook his head. "It is too soon to talk about the psychology of marriage yet. We don't know how it's going to work. It sounds silly to say we can sit alone in the evening and not say a word and just be happy. It must be a little lonely for her out there. It's a long distance for her to do her shopping." This was several months ago—before the Coopers moved. "Marriage should make me play my roles better. So far, it is mental ease. Mental ease and more time to myself. I know that sounds contradictory, but it's true. When a man isn't married, he's wondering what he's going to do for dinner, whom he's going to eat it with, where he's going to end up at two or three in the morning, whether he'll be in trouble or what. When he marries, he knows exactly. He doesn't waste time worrying about things. His mind is free to think of his work. That's all I know so far. How can I talk about the future? Why, we've just been married!"

Lupe Velez does not like to have her name mentioned with Gary's. None of them like it: Lupe, Gary, Johnny or Mrs. Cooper. The fact they are intelligent and civilized enough to go to "The Little Club" in the same group, to meet socially and act civilly, even be friendly, should be enough—according to all of them. But these people are of Hollywood and we would miss one of our most interesting psychological studies of a town that belongs to us, rather than to Lupe and Gary, if we gave in to their personal wishes.

Lupe tried to re-create Johnny. She too, started upon married life, as so many of us do, wanting to know where he was every moment. She liked to sleep until noon and couldn't understand why he didn't. She couldn't see any sense in spending vacation days in knocking a little white ball around green pastures.

THEN they separated. And she found herself so lonely, so homesick, in her own home, that she sat down and figured it all out.

"It is up to me. I either make a success of it or I don't. If I should fall in love with someone else some day, that would be different. But now I love Johnny. If I want to keep this marriage, I must work to keep it. It is up to the woman. I've got to take it or lose him."

She was not talking for publication, but her lesson is so great, so true-to-life and intelligent, that I do not think she will object to my using it and her as an example.

I even wish Mrs. Cooper had been in Lupe's home the other day when Adrienne Ames telephoned to ask Lupe and Johnny to have dinner at the Brown Derby. "I will call you back," she answered and turned to her secretary. "Telephone Mr. Weissmuller at the Lakeside Country Club and ask him whether he would prefer a quiet dinner at home after golf or to dress and go to the Brown Derby. Then let Mrs. Cabot know."

And *if* Lupe had married Gary, she would have learned the same lesson as quickly, because she has been forced to learn all lessons quickly. If he had wanted to plant tomato plants with his own hands, he would have planted them.

All women must learn the same lesson, for that matter. Man nature must be allowed to roam in its secret passages built by masculine independence.

And before I close this little story which is such a common one, after all, I want to tell Mrs. Cooper of an experience I had with her husband five years ago.

Gary was the most popular hero in pictures. Girls all over the world were falling in love with him. One day, a stranger called on me, a mature woman who poured out a story about her daughter. The daughter was the wife of a prominent man in a big, mid-western city, the mother of two children, a graduate of a fashionable finishing school and a member of the Junior League. She had fallen in love with Gary. Her mother had brought her to Hollywood to break the attachment. She asked me to introduce them.

That evening Gary sat beside the girl at dinner. I shall never forget his conversation, "I am not a woman's man. I like to go out on the desert for days at a time and say nothing. A woman cannot keep still. There are days when I don't want to talk to anybody. I like horses—they don't talk.

Afterwards he told me, "She didn't know what I was really talking about. She was one of those sheltered, society girls. She had no way of knowing."

And some day—not now—you will thank me, I hope, for this little hint, Mrs. Gary Cooper, for your love is fine and clean and a beautiful example for the city you have adopted. And when it becomes as big as it is lovely, it will understand that man can love woman deeply, but never as deeply as he loves himself. And that if a man chances to prefer red and white checked occasionally to monogrammed linen, he will return to them and no woman can stop him. All she can do is to love enough so she can learn to enjoy them with him.

Romance à la Del Rio

(*Continued from page 57*)

at the studio, does Cedric slump into a chair and expect to be pampered and felt sorry for? No. He arrives eager to do something for Dolores, like designing a new piece of jewelry, or planning a new color scheme for a new room.

But don't for a moment believe that Dolores' little plan for an unmarried kind of marriage intends that all the gestures of devotion should come from Cedric. Actually, she spends every moment away from her work trying to think of things to do to please him.

She insists on attending to his diet personally—and even after a volcanic day at the studio, rushes to the kitchen to cook one of his favorite Spanish dishes—the kind his mother *didn't* used to make.

And don't for a moment believe that Cedric's role is only that of the ardent wooer! In some ways his ideas about marriage are so old-fashioned that they're the last word in *unconventionality*. For Cedric Gibbons is as much master in his own home as any Irish country squire of the Victorian era. In his quiet, unassuming way, he controls every situation—and, especially, he controls Dolores. She adores his subtle domination, and is grateful for the dependence she feels. And believe it or not, this is what gives a woman a sense of emotional security!

The story of her marriage to Jaimie del Rio, son of that ancient family of aristocrats that numbered among its relatives even King Alfonso of Spain, was a real tragedy.

AND it is only now that she can say, "The greatest mistake I ever made was when I married Jaimie. Yet how could I know? I was sixteen. I had heard stories before I met him of his attractiveness. When we met and he seemed attracted to me, I was caught by the adolescent satisfaction of being envied by other women. I knew nothing of life, nothing of what I wanted. I had been reared for marriage, as girls still are in Mexico. Reared to be a sedate, self-effacing, efficient wife. I didn't know then that that wasn't what I wanted."

And then Edwin Carewe of Hollywood arrived in Mexico City on his honeymoon, met Dolores and immediately offered her a part in a picture. At first she and Jaimie laughed, and then he was persuaded into bringing her to the fabulous city of filmdom.

"All of my most frightful troubles came while I was at the height of my career," Dolores has told me. "Jaimie was thrilled at first by my success. We both thought that he would achieve success, too, in pictures. But gradually he came to hate me because I had succeeded and he had not. It was terrible for both of us."

Finally came the divorce from Jaimie and his tragic death in Berlin. There also came gossip. Dolores had, by spurning him, caused Jaimie's death "they" said. It was she who caused the separation of Carewe and his wife, "they" said. And it is quite true that Dolores was a woman now and a woman filled with bitterness, too.

"*Everything* happened to me!" she said solemnly. "Things crashed around me. Tragic, terrifying things. I lived in a hotbed of intrigue, of politics, of lies and malice, of cross currents of human purposes. I was hurt so often, I was afraid to express myself."

Her contract with Carewe came to an end. Dolores was sued, amid distressing publicity. She was wooed by many men



Dr. Eckhart heads a great internal clinic in Vienna's chief free hospital; medical author; leading member, Vienna Society of Internal Specialists.

"Harsh Laxatives had *weakened her*—dangerously"

states DR. ECKHART, noted Vienna clinic head

Do you have any of the symptoms illustrated above? Then read this "case history"... it can help you!

"M. J., a young woman of 26," reports Dr. Eckhart, "told me she had been subject for years to headaches, indigestion, biliousness.

"She avoided social activity. Was under her normal weight. Had little strength. Cathartics had weakened her—*dangerously*.

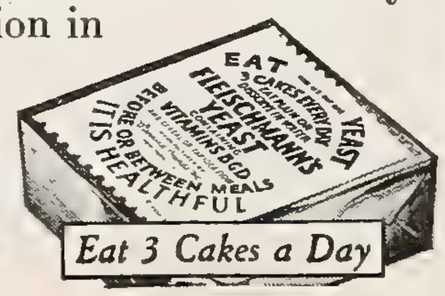
"Her stomach juices were flowing too slowly (*cause of coated tongue and indigestion*) . . . there was no healthy muscular reaction in her intestines (*cause of constipation*) . . .

and her system was filled with poisons (*the chief cause of headaches*).

"I instructed her to eat yeast. A month of it gave remarkable results. She seemed completely healthy."

Thus her *three* chief troubles were corrected by *one* treatment! Yeast attacks the 3 different causes of trouble described by Dr. Eckhart!

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● **In your *stomach*, Fleischmann's Yeast makes the juices flow more freely . . . Then it strengthens the muscles of your *intestines* . . . Also softens the waste, so it can be excreted more easily.**

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Millions of women, ever fastidious in their hair grooming, use ColoRinse after every shampoo. It has their complete confidence because it is a harmless vegetable compound—not a dye or a bleach—made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave, in 10 authentic shades.

For it's more than marvelous how ColoRinse eradicates streaks, imparts brilliant highlights and pliant softness to the hair—giving it the sparkle and sheen of irrepressible youth and glamorous health.



and one of them turned out to be a cad and talked about her disgracefully to any who would listen, told of amazing intimacies simply because he had been spurned by the beautiful Dolores.

She was ill—frightfully ill. And then she married Cedric Gibbons abruptly and much to Hollywood's astonishment.

PERHAPS hypnotized by his romantic madness, and longing for some emotional refuge, Dolores accepted him about four hours after she'd met him.

No one expected this to last. How could it after having begun in this insane fashion—and in Hollywood?

But, wiser by far than most Hollywood husbands, Cedric Gibbons knows that many of the difficulties that arise in modern marriages result from so simple a thing as the husband allowing the wife to contribute as much, if not more, to the upkeep of their establishment. This immediately gives the wife a sense of superiority.

Therefore, appallingly old-fashioned as it may seem, Cedric regards the considerable salary that Dolores earns from her motion picture work as exalted pin money! She can do what she wants with it—but she can't contribute to the support of the household. That's his business as husband and provider.

So Dolores pays the salary of her private secretary and buys her clothes out of her own pocketbook. And the rest of what she makes goes either toward doing lovely things for her parents, or toward investments for the future. Quaint idea, isn't it?

For instance, recently Dolores studied interior decorating—again, to please Cedric (each of them is always inspiring the other to further activities, and they're both intensely interested in one another's careers). To prove to him that she'd learned a great deal, she personally designed and had a home built for her mother, who spends six months of the year in Hollywood with Dolores. She decorated that house down to the bathroom curtains without the advice of any expert.

Again, for the excitement of it, and because she likes to exercise her business ability—and, most of all, to make Cedric more proud of her—Dolores invests her money in stocks which she personally selects, usually without benefit of broker. Her shrewdness in these matters is uncanny. While other people lost their shirts—or whatever it is they wear next to their skins—Dolores recently invested in a certain stock—and *doubled* her money.

ANOTHER thing that makes this a very un-Hollywood kind of marriage, is their enviable similarity of tastes. Neither Dolores nor Cedric cares much for the gay social whirl, so they seldom go out. Instead, they occasionally entertain at home with very small select dinners, at which, if you're fortunate enough to be invited, you'll often meet John Gilbert who is their most intimate friend, or Ramon Novarro.

Actually, Dolores and Cedric lead a very quiet, conservative life. Except when it comes to tennis—and Michael. Then they spread themselves. Both being fanatic devotees of the former sport, they often give large Sunday afternoon tennis parties. As for Michael—no, you're wrong, he's a Boston bull—next to Cedric, he's the benevolent tyrant in the Gibbons household.

She doesn't like bridge, drinking or smoking. And most decidedly she doesn't like to play *native* parts in pictures any more. In fact, she flatly refuses to do so, probably on the advice of her counsellor-in-chief in all matters of state, that certain quiet but determined Gibbons. She's heartily tired of being known as the girl with "the most perfect figure in pictures."

She wants to play sophisticated roles from now on and wear *clothes*—beautiful ones, and lots of them. No more tiger skins or grass skirts for Dolores.

And the fact that "Flying Down to Rio," in which she played a far smaller role than in her previous success, "Bird of Paradise," brought her a terrific increase in fan mail and a fat contract from Warner Brothers, proves that movie audiences and movie producers have the same idea about her that Cedric has.

If a writer is allowed to conjecture, perhaps the Gibbons-Del Rio marriage is succeeding in the face of all the known Hollywood pitfalls because Cedric and Dolores refuse to take it all for granted. They're *working* to make it last. They've adopted the intelligent attitude that marriage is the beginning, not the end, of the relationship.

Do Hardships Help a Fellow? Yes!

(*Continued from page 70*)

lucky," he says firmly. "I've been lucky because when I've had an opportunity I've always been prepared for it. I was able to take advantage of opportunities and that's a long jump up any ladder."

TOM was born in a one-room shack in Perry, New York, and the family was desperately poor. He lost his mother when he was five and his father a year later. The two orphans, Tom and his elder brother, were taken by two aunts to be raised, the brother going to live with Tom's favorite aunt. Life was a struggle for the child and when he was ten he ran away from home with his heart set on New York. Half-way there he was caught and returned home. This minor expedition did one thing for Tom. It convinced his aunt that he wanted to be independent, that he wanted to work his own way, and shortly after, he was allowed to go to work for a neighboring farmer. He saved every cent he could out of his meager wages and a year later ran away again with more success. That is, he reached New York, and then began his varied career as newsboy, bellhop, errand boy, and bootblack.

Suffering exposure during the bitter winters, eating when he could get anything to eat, sleeping where he could, began to tell on this frail, eager boy. He was advised by a doctor to seek a warmer climate where he could be outdoors if he wished to grow strong and well. Tom didn't hesitate. He struck out for the west by the hitch-hiking method. The Dakotas, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Nevada were the fields of his experiences for a few years. He learned to farm, to ride and at one time drove a stage coach. But with regained health he headed back toward New York to—he knew not what. He was ever seeking something.

IN knocking about, working at whatever offered, he was introduced to the stage door of the theatre. He grew to like the smell of grease paint and what he could see of backstage life and the conviction grew upon him that acting would be his career. He learned how and to whom to apply for a job on the stage; he learned that he must lie and say he was an experienced actor. He became very glib in telling stage managers about his former

triumphs, so glib that he could always get a small part in a show.

"But the minute rehearsals started they knew I had had no experience and always I was fired. And always, after I had been fired from rehearsal I went to see the show when it opened to see how my successor played my role. I made up my mind that I would never be fired twice for the same mistake."

Time after time he was hired and fired, but each experience made him more eager, more determined to be an actor. "I was never allowed to stay in a rehearsal more than half a day," he confessed, "but after a while those half days amounted to quite a bit of experience. Actually I learned a lot, mostly by watching the others, however, and finally I was given a bit in 'Madame X,' and managed to keep my job. I played through the run of the piece. Fredric March was the leading man in the company."

One part led to another and it was smoother sailing from then on. He posed for advertisements between roles and he tells gleefully of one time when his finances were at a low ebb. He had just landed a job in the road company of "White Cargo" and faced three weeks' rehearsal without pay and only $7 in his pocket. Adept as he was at living on nothing, it was a problem how to eat for three weeks on $7 and not lose too much weight. He had an opportunity to pose for an advertisement, but he couldn't get time off from rehearsals to do it. He daubed some salve on a white rag, which he tied around his neck and reported at the theatre for rehearsal with a "very sore throat." Unable to speak a word, apparently, he was sent home to recover. He dashed to the photographers, posed for the pictures, collected his $10 fee and reported for rehearsal the next day entirely recovered.

I COULD tell you dozens of incidents like that," he told me, "and worse experiences, too, but I'm glad I had them. It taught me to hustle. If I ever have a son he's going to hustle. I'm not going to make things too easy for him. I'm not going to send my son to college just to have a good time and after he graduates have him come back to me asking, 'Well, what now?' If you want to get anywhere in any field you have to work."

It was while Tom was appearing in New York in "Abie's Irish Rose" that C. B. DeMille saw him and brought him to California to play the leading male role in "The Godless Girl." Then he appeared in other pictures, among them "Tol'able David."

Up to this time he had always used his real name, George Duryea. "I'm half French and half Irish," he explained, "but no one could ever pronounce Duryea and besides it didn't match my Irish pan, so I changed my name to Tom Keene."

Then followed a year's contract with RKO starring in westerns, and here his years in the west served him. He was a real cowboy as well as an actor. But suddenly he realized that he was typed as a "western" and not as an actor, which didn't fit in with his plans and, wishing to get back into acting roles, he bought his contract and tried to get another job. He didn't have security behind him, he had no wealthy father to back him until he could get work. Instead, he had a wife to support, he had responsibilities.

"Do you know," he said bitterly, "I couldn't get even a tiny bit to play in an independent picture at any salary, but I had offers of $5,000 a week to work in westerns. Producers wouldn't have me in anything else. Then I met King Vidor and had a long talk with him. He told me the story of 'Our Daily Bread' and said he



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wanted me to play the boy in it when he got around to make it. We made a gentlemen's agreement and shook hands on it. I agreed to stay away from Hollywood and out of pictures until he was ready for me. I went back east and to the stage. I worked with stock companies, trying to learn a little more about acting all the time.

"When Vidor was ready he sent for me, but after I arrived something happened about the business arrangements and I had to wait three months to begin work. Finances got a little low. I didn't get a large salary for my work in the picture, but I would have played the part for nothing. It was worth it, wasn't it?" he asked eagerly.

He says he has always been able to save a little money. "Even when I was a kid on the streets in New York I always managed to have a little money in my pocket. But now I want to save more than just a little money. I want a home. I want to build for the future. I banked everything on that picture and I'm glad I did."

And after you've seen it, you'll be glad, too. And you may be convinced that the route of hard knocks to success is the best way. Perhaps it's like the "longest way home."

Do Hardships Help a Fellow? No!

(*Continued from page 71*)

I was seventeen, which is really bad. That does either one of two things to an actor. It makes him stop working and sit back on the laurels he has won or it makes him feel ever after that he is going down hill instead of climbing."

DOUGLASS was born in Berkeley Square, one of Los Angeles' fashionable sections, and there he lived during the early years of his life. His summers were spent on the family estate, Edgecliff, in Altadena, which he describes as "an awfully nice old place with lots of trees and quiet. The house must be fifty years old and had round copper bath tubs when we bought it. It's not a snooty place at all. There aren't any marble benches," he added with a laugh.

When he was twenty he took over a small guest house, a stone's throw from the big house, for his own. It was handier to the swimming pool and there, in his own place, he was free to practice his theories of interior decoration to his heart's content. "No one but me could live there," he laughed. "The floors are bright yellow, the furniture bright red and the walls and ceilings white. The curtains are yellow and it's very gay inside but, out of consideration for the family, it is very conservative outside—plain white with green shutters and a white picket fence. Of course I take my meals at the family house when I'm up there."

The neighbors tell how, at the age of six, he put on shows in his backyard with the aid of the gardener, the servants and most of the household furniture for props. And when he organized a dramatic club and put on plays at high school it proved to be so strong an attraction that the athletic board had to send out an S. O. S. for football players. He always knew that he must be an actor, and says, "Nothing else I ever tried seemed to matter."

The only time he ever wavered in his desire to act was when he decided to be a writer. "I had a book of poems published when I was about ten. I suspect there was considerable drag used to get them published, but it seemed to me at the time to be quite an achievement. When I was seventeen I realized that everything I had written was terrible so I went around and stole copies of my book that my friends kindly kept on their library tables, and destroyed them. I called the book 'Pipe Dreams' and I had never smoked a pipe or anything else. The verses were very sophisticated and vicious. Oh, and they were awful!"

DOUG'S school days were not the ordinary school days of other high school boys. He went every day from school to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where he rehearsed and acted almost continuously. When he was fourteen he played in "The Lady with the Lamp" at this theatre. Joseph Schildkraut saw him and said, "You have grease paint in your veins," and Douglass believed him. He spent every spare minute at this theatre. When he was not acting he directed little plays for the workshop connected with the theatre, leaving little time or energy for his school work. At examination time he would visit each one of his teachers and explain why he hadn't been able to study harder, how important it was for him to graduate so he could go ahead with his career.

"Finally I graduated—with circles under my eyes," he told me. When he was determined to go immediately to New York and seek a job on the stage instead of going to college as his parents wished, they offered but the mildest opposition and financed his trip. When he left his mother wrote two pieces of advice on a slip of paper and handed it to him. Send your laundry out weekly so you will always have fresh linen," he wrote, "and write me a post card once a week. I won't expect a letter." She had faith that her training for seventeen years would carry him along morally.

Within three months he had a job in a play and has earned his own living ever since. Of course it wasn't as easy as it sounds. He didn't have a job laid in his lap. It's true, he never had to go hungry or wonder where he would sleep while he was waiting for a job. He needn't have worried if he never did get a job, but he would have, for his heart was set on a career in the theatre. But he had to work and study hard, he had to make the rounds of managers' offices, he had to swallow disappointments.

"I went to Miss Helburn's office at the Theatre Guild every day," he said of that time. "I sat there so much she had to give me a job to get me out of her office."

ONE season's success in New York brought about a motion picture contract and Douglass was thrilled to come back to his home town to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Paid." But when he felt he was not progressing he asked to be released from his contract. Of course he knew he would be taken care of financially. He had a home to go to, he took no great risk in throwing up a lucrative contract. But, in justice to Douglass, I think he would have done the same thing without a nickel behind him.

Immediately he signed another picture contract but when he was again disappointed in roles, again he asked to be released. At that time he thought he was through with pictures forever, but greater success on the stage when he returned to New York brought him continued offers from motion picture companies. Now, freelancing, he can choose his roles, play stage engagements between pictures and at

last he feels he has the ideal arrangement by which to further his career. He says frankly that he is in pictures now for the money he can make.

Recently he produced, at his own expense, a production of "Playboy of the Western World," an Irish play in which he was interested. He spends his money in this fashion because he loves the theatre. Otherwise he is very conservative. For years he drove the same old second-hand roadster and only recently bought a new moderately-priced car.

Recently, for the first time, he established a home of his own in Hollywood. But his mother found the house for him, made all the arrangements to rent it, hired the servants for him and moved him into it. The first time he saw his new home was at the end of a hard day's work at the studio, when he arrived home to find his dinner on the table.

Because he writes a very illegible hand and his grandmother had difficulty in reading his letters, she bought him a typewriter.

But helping Douglass hasn't hurt him as it might have a boy with a different temperament, less determination than he has. It hasn't made him lazy. He works incessantly. All the pampering, petting, encouragement and aid he has received from his family has not spoiled him. He is not the least bit "high hat." How much money a person has means nothing to Douglass. It's what he can do that counts.

The only time he gets upset is when he isn't working. Three days between pictures and he is a mad man. "I don't idle well," he explains. And that, partly, explains his success. Regardless of financial security, he has never stopped working. He never will.

My Exclusive Life Story

(*Continued from page 69*)

to think I'd been so silly. But I guess the Master of Ceremonies must have been kind of embarrassed too. Later he said he knew that I didn't tear his pants on purpose, and we became good friends.

I'm friends with everybody, and if you won't think any the less of me for it, I'll confess something. I don't chase cats! In fact, some of my best friends are cats, and I always think, "Poor things, it's not their fault they weren't born dogs."

Harry never lets me work more than six hours a day. He says it's too exciting for me, and when I'm not on the lot, he sees that I get sixteen hours a day for sleep. I have a little bed of my own, and when the family goes out, I take one of Marion's slippers (she's Harry's wife) to bed with me. I never chew it, just use it as a pillow, and it keeps me from getting lonesome.

IF I were one of those flighty dogs that gets spoiled by too much petting, there wouldn't be any living with me. My face is distinctive, and everybody who sees me wants to come over, get acquainted and pat me. When Harry takes me to a restaurant, I lie at his feet under the table. I don't beg for scraps. In the first place, I don't think any well-bred dog should so debase himself—and besides I like home-cooking better.

I get boiled water when I travel, because I'm finicky that way. I won't even drink water that's been standing in my dish for more than an hour. When I get thirsty, I go over to Harry or Marion or Ted—he's their nine-year-old-son—and then to my dish, and they give me service.

Next to Harry, I think I love Ted more



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than anybody else in the world. He gave me a very bad week a couple of years ago. One morning he hadn't come out of his room, so I went in to see what the trouble was. He was lying in bed, and when I licked his hand it was dry and hot. He patted me and Harry took me out for a walk. There wasn't any fun in it. I couldn't even take an interest in the lady dogs we met—I, who had always had such an eye for canine pulchritude. I wanted to be home where I could see that Ted was all right.

They said he had the grippe and kept me out of the room, because the doctor had ordered that he should be very quiet. That night I couldn't go to bed, but slept outside his door, and my food didn't taste right. The next night, when they saw I was going to stay there anyway, they moved my bed outside his room. It was a week before he came out—and I lost seven pounds worrying. Did I snarl at the doctor and try to keep him out because he was a stranger? Not on your life!

BY the way, I have posed for so many pictures that I learned to hold still until the second click of the shutter. Harry thinks that's very clever of me, and I'm inclined to agree with him. I'm not afraid of flashlights, either; in fact, I'm a bit blasé.

I must admit one vice, however—vanity. I like to look at myself in the mirror. I like to be washed and brushed. And I like to be the center of attraction. Perhaps that's why I enjoy my movie work so much, and am so sorry when it's temporarily over. I remember, when we had completed our latest contract, I used to get up early every morning and try to get Harry to climb out of bed, so that he could take me to the studio. It took several days to catch on to the fact that we were actually having a vacation.

But I'll be glad to get back into pictures again—we plan to start a new series this fall—for I do miss the attention I get on the lot.

Once, when I was working for Warner Brothers, I had been up late the night before, and was mighty sleepy when I reported to the set. As usual, stars, extras, directors and cameramen lavished their attentions upon me—all of which left me unmoved. Then Sam Sax came along, and I made a big fuss over him. Not only is Sam a swell fellow—the sort every dog likes—but he's also the man who signs my contracts, and even a dog has to use a little diplomacy these days.

I have my relaxations, too. Besides those I mentioned, Harry sometimes takes me to see a movie—generally a preview. Though I earn my living from the films, I'm not really what you might call a dyed-in-the-wool fan. When there's plenty of action in the picture, it holds my interest, but during the love scenes I generally manage to catch a few winks of sleep. My favorite star is not, as you might have supposed, Helen Twelvetrees; I favor Thelma Todd, Jean Harlow and Laurel and Hardy. There's always something doing in *their* pictures!

Besides movies, I've been on the radio a dozen or so times, and while I don't mind it, I don't think it has the lure of the lens.

So, my recipe for dogs who would succeed in the movies may be summed up as follows: Get plenty of sleep. Keep your diet simple. Go in for clean living (my greatest dissipation is an occasional glass of beer). And get yourself a manager like Harry.

Well, I guess that's all there is to my story.

And I hope I haven't been too dogmatic.

Anticipating a Blessed Event

(*Continued from page 65*)

a natural, normal kid.

"But if she wants to be an actress when she grows up, I'll help her to be. It's a funny thing but every time I talk to a mother in show business she always says, 'I never want my child to see the inside of a theatre or studio. I don't want my daughter to be an actress.'

"I don't get that attitude at all. Listen, where would those mothers be if it weren't for show business? And why should they want to keep their children out of the theatre?

"Maybe I'm just dumb. Maybe I wasn't attractive, but I started on the stage when I was a very young girl—and nobody ever tried to kidnap me. Nobody ever tried to seduce me. I was just as safe as I would have been in boarding school. Well, maybe I'm not the type, but I can't see how going on the stage can hurt any girl.

"Sure, I had a lot of disappointments and hard knocks, but they didn't hurt me either. Believe me, I'm not going to try deliberately to keep little Sandy out of the theatre. She can be an actress if she wants to be—and I'll do everything I can to help her.

BUT when she's little I want her to have a normal life. Don't you hate to see sweet little kids with their hair peroxided and curled beyond recognition? Well, I do.

"George tells me I'll spoil Sandy and maybe I will. But I don't think I really will. I believe in making children mind. There's a child in our family who was an angel when she was a baby but now—oh gosh! She'll be playing with something and drop it on the floor and I'll tell her to pick it up. And she'll say, 'No, you pick it up, I'm too tired!' Well, I could give her a good spanking right then, but I can't because she isn't mine. I'll spoil Sandy, if loving her with all my heart is spoiling her. But believe me, for her own sake and mine, I'm going to make her mind.

"Yes, I'm going to tell Sandy that she is adopted, when she is old enough to understand, because I don't want anyone else to tell her—and some 'kind' friend always does—and hurt her feelings. I don't want our baby to be hurt ever, and if the other kids tease her about being adopted and say that she doesn't really belong to George and me, I'm going to tell her what to answer. I'm going to say:

"'Listen, darling, those other little boys and girls who tell you they have 'real' mothers and fathers aren't any better loved—perhaps not so much so—as you are. When they were born their mother had to take what she got. She didn't have any choice. But I—your mother—looked all over the world for you. I looked at a hundred little girls before I decided that you were just the one I wanted. You were *chosen* by *your* mother, carefully chosen. Those other kids just happened to come to their families and there was nothing their mothers could do about it.'

"Don't you think if she really believes that—and it's true, isn't it?—that she won't be hurt when anybody throws it up to her that she's adopted?

"Oh, I can't wait until the time comes

to find her. And I want her to be the happiest little girl in the world. George and I are going to try awfully hard to make her happy."

Gracie and George both talked for over an hour about their wonderful plans for their wonderful baby. I wish you could have seen how sincere they were and how much this new adventure means to them.

"You're sure you're going to adopt a girl?" I asked once more, just as I was leaving.

"Oh, we're sure," said George and Gracie.

"But what if you went to the orphanage or wherever you're going and saw a precious, cuddly, adorable little boy who made friends with you at once?" I persisted.

"W-w-well," George and Gracie looked at each other.

"How about it, mama?" he asked.

Gracie turned suddenly. "No sir, it's going to be a girl—I can have so much fun getting her sweet little dresses but—oh, any baby and every baby is so sweet, I don't know what I'd do. I guess it all comes down to just one fact. George and I want a baby and we're going to have one."

"And the next time I see you," George said, "I'll have a flock of pictures this high to show you and when it says, 'Oogy, woogy,' I'll swear it's saying, 'Burns and Allen are my favorite comedy team!'"

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 17*)

onions, mustard pickles, chow-chow; chili sauce, ketchup; oil, vinegar, mayonnaise; olives—ripe, green and stuffed. z

MAIN COURSE MAKINGS: Canned salmon, tuna, crabmeat and lobster; canned chicken and ham; chipped beef; canned corned beef; prepared codfish cakes; baked beans, kidney beans; brown bread; prepared spaghetti and macaroni; frankfurters in jars.

SOUPS: Practically every kind of canned soup available.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS: An endless variety of both, in cans and jars.

COOKIES AND CRACKERS: Sweet cookies, soda crackers, sweet crackers, cheese crackers, salted crackers, canapé crackers.

BEVERAGES: Assorted carbonated drinks such as gingerale, soda water, etc.; tea, coffee; condensed and evaporated milk; grapefruit and pineapple juice; tomato juice and sauerkraut juice.

I GUESS I must have looked pretty stunned by this profusion of edibles, because my hostess started to laugh.

"When you entertain the flocks of casual callers we do," she explained, "you have to keep on hand enough stuff to set up a small restaurant." And judging by the delicious meal which we consumed just a short time later, the Browns would be well qualified to run a first-class restaurant any time.

Now, perhaps others don't have to entertain on such a wholesale scale—you, for instance, and you and you—but that's no reason why you can't take a leaf from Mrs. Brown's note book and fix up an emergency shelf of your own, stock with foods which you, your family and friends will enjoy. It may contain nothing more than the makings of an impromptu supper

ALLURING



. . . and as sweet as the flowers from him!

You know the importance of feeling fresh and fragrant, so every day you use a generous dusting of Dixie Deb Talcum Powder. Its soothing softness protects you against that uncomfortable sticky sensation which comes with perspiration.

Before dancing, tennis, golf, or any physical activity which robs you momentarily of your usual daintiness, a thorough dusting of Dixie Deb Talc will help maintain your loveliness, keeping your skin smooth and attractive throughout a busy summer day or evening.

Dixie Deb Talc is made of pure white, super-fine talcum, sifted through silk to give you the same soft smoothness found in the finest face powders. Due to large-volume production, it is very reasonably priced . . . 10¢ . . . and is available in ten subtle fragrances, the five newest of which are shown below. Ask for Dixie Deb Talcum Powder at your favorite 10¢ store.

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DIXIE DEB *Cosmetics*





THEN

I found Hold-Bobs in *harmonizing* shades

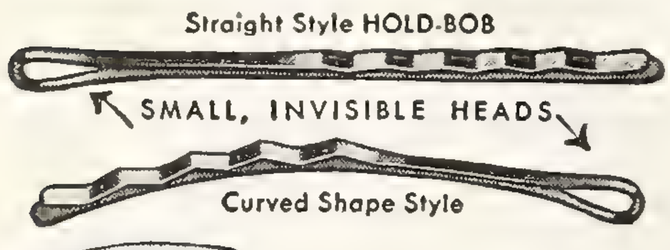
Ordinary pins may claim to match your hair . . . but you'll never know what *perfect* harmony is until you use HOLD-BOBS in *your* shade. Odd-colored bob pins rob you of your attractiveness. HOLD-BOBS match the natural shades of brunette, blonde, platinum blonde, silver and auburn.

In addition, these exclusive HOLD-BOB features *help* your coiffure: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped.

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1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. E-94, Chicago, Ill.
Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada





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City.....State.....

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☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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or it may enable you to produce a complete company dinner in a jiffy. It all depends upon the type of entertaining you do. But with a suitable supply of ready prepared foods tucked away, you will find your job of hostessing infinitely simplified. And, besides, it will enable you to extend hospitality when you want to, without any last-minute worries.

There is still another excellent use for an emergency shelf which I'd like to mention and that is for rescuing you on days when it teems rain and you don't want to go out to market, or when some one is ill or you are just too busy to take time out to go to the stores. Then treat yourself like a guest, resort to the emergency supplies and whip up a delicious meal quickly and without effort. Really, this emergency shelf idea isn't an extravagance at all, you see, for you are sure to need the food sometime and buying it in advance is simply a sort of meal insurance. Then, too, you can take advantage of sales and effect substantial savings as well.

ONE word of warning I would issue, though, and that is to be sure to replenish your supplies as rapidly as they are used up. You will find that certain things like canned soups, spaghetti, baked beans and olives will disappear faster than others, so be sure to replace them immediately. Otherwise you are apt to go gaily to your closet for these beloved standbys only to remember, when it is too late, that you used them up a couple of days before.

There is another kind of meal where your emergency shelf is of great assistance. That is when the meal you had planned on having must be stretched to cover the one or two extras your genial nature has caused you to invite at the last minute. This is the type of dinner that needs padding and garnishing, with a minor change here and there.

First, I suggest a good, satisfying cream soup to take the edge off appetites. Then a heavy sauce to dress up the meat course. Or a cheese sauce on the cauliflower to make it appear more tasty than it is. Give a dressy touch to the table with a condiment dish of radishes, assorted olives and pickles. And add a dash of chili sauce and some minced sweet pickles to the mayonnaise to pep up the plain lettuce salad. Save for next day's lunch the baked potatoes you had planned to have for dinner and instead open a can of spaghetti and serve it piping hot with the meat.

IN this month's Modern Screen Star Recipe Folder I have included a number of sauces for dressing up meats and vegetables. Then there is a card of sweet sauces for desserts—all of which can be quickly made from supplies you have on hand and which will give your simplest meal a partyish air. I have also included a card of suggestions for padding and stretching meals. And perhaps most welcome of all will be a card on quick refreshments—the sort of snacks you will like to serve in the afternoon or late at night when people drop in unexpectedly or come home with you from the movies. You can have this folder, free, if you will just fill in the coupon below and mail it to me.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for September, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

Chester's Unhappy Friendship

(*Continued from page* 61)

received. Also, and this is the most important part, he stipulated that I was to receive only a small weekly wage. Less than most 'bit' players receive. He had absolute right to handle and control every bit of money I earned above this small allowance.

I FOUND West a slave-driver. He loaned me out indiscriminately, at a good figure, but he never loosened up on my allowance. The first rub came when I asked for enough money to bring my family out. They were in the East and expenses were far less in Hollywood than in New York and naturally I wanted them to be with me. So, I asked for an advance on my drawing account. He refused. I cajoled, pleaded and stormed. He told me with finality that if they came they would have to come on my allowance.

"It would have been so easy for me to make the same mistakes that lots of fellows do when they first come out. I was here alone. I was established as an actor. You know what that means. Invitations, gayety, good clothes, swanky cars. But I never got them. I was too poor to even think of running around. I was working always, eking out a slim existence on my meagre allowance, and driving around in a rattletrap car. People who didn't know my real circumstances put me down as a tightwad. I was, although it wasn't my fault. Now that it is over and I am free again, I can look back and say that it could have been worse.

"When I was cast in Norma Shearer's picture, 'The Divorcee,' my wardrobe was totally unsuitable for the role of a young-man-about-town. I asked West to let me have some things made. He refused.

"Bob Montgomery and I were friends and he helped me through the worst of it. I had to wear the clothes that I had used in stock. They were green with age and had that intangible something that only moth balls can give. Aged in the wood, for they had been in my wardrobe trunk since I came to Hollywood. I had to get my 'tails' out and have them cleaned and pressed. I wore them with Norma in the wedding scene and I looked so terrible that I took Bob aside before we started.

"'For God's sake, Bob, do me a favor,' I begged. 'When we start walking towards the camera, get in front of me so this suit won't show. I'm sunk if you don't.' Bob did. Some of his fans wrote to him later and accused him of 'mugging,' but he was really doing me a kindness. When our close-ups were shot, he stood so that only my head and shoulders showed.

Then we had a sequence that required

riding breeches. I have never told this to anybody else, but I swear it is true. I could not rake up enough cash to get some breeches tailored to measure. All of the fellows were going to a man named Took, an expert tailor. I begged West to let me have some money so I could have him make me some breeches, as a great deal depended upon the impression I made in this picture, but he was adamant. He told me to go back to M-G-M and ask the wardrobe department to outfit me.

"I told them I didn't have any breeches. They said they didn't have any either. When I insisted upon being given a pair, they finally told me: 'Pardon us, Mr. Morris, but anyone who is playing leading man for Norma Shearer ought to be able to save enough to purchase riding breeches.'

"I explained the situation and they finally found a pair of Ramon Novarro's old breeches that he had discarded. I was doubtful about them, because Ramon's anatomy and mine have little in common, but the wardrobe fellow thought if I pinned them up in the back I might get by. So I took them, but they didn't work. That is, not in the right way.

"I had a lot of love scenes with Norma which were taken at Bel-Air. A beautiful spot and a beautiful girl—everything exactly right except my riding breeches. Every time I bent over to take Norma in my arms, I'll be hanged if those darned safety pins didn't come loose with a terrific snap. You know how the 'mike' picks up funny little noises like that. They sounded just like somebody getting slapped in the face.

"Finally, the sound engineer blew up and the director called it a day. I think everybody from Irving Thalberg down to the office boy stormed Roland West's office and demanded some new clothes for me. He was just as positive with them as he had been with me, but they finally made an issue of it and told him that they would not consider me for future roles unless I were given a suitable wardrobe. So he was overruled.

"I went downtown and got everything that I could possibly need in the way of clothes. Next, I was cast in 'The Big House.' Following this, I was given a succession of gangster roles and those grand clothes hung in my closet for two years. I never used them before the camera. And I did not entertain.

HERE is a funny twist to the whole situation. Aside from our business squabbles, Roland West and his wife were the best friends my wife and I had. We spent every week-end with them at their beach home, and we never dreamed of planning anything for Tuesday. They always came to dinner at our house then. One evening, I mentioned that I would like to go to Europe. West decided that it would be nice for all of us to go together. We went via a tramp steamer. Talk about stretching money. We did on that trip of ours. When we got to London, West registered us at a cheap hotel. 'Putrid' is the only word that can describe it. One of my pictures was opening there the week we arrived. I used to go out the side entrance with my hat down over my face for fear I would be recognized."

There isn't space enough to tell what Chester went through while he was serving his apprenticeship. The only thing that made it endurable was the friendship that existed between him and West in spite of their differences in opinion. A rather horrible thing happened, however, and Chester went to West and demanded a release from his contract. West refused and he kept Chester off the screen for a year and a half. In Hollywood, that is equiva-

HIDDEN DIRT
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Shocking, but Enlightening

If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!

Now that you think your skin as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on a few minutes. *Now* take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean *has blackened* the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it reaches that "second layer" of dirt that defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Muddiness and Sallowness.

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Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) **FREE**

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Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Address
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This offer is not good in Canada (6)

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REDUCE WAIST and HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR IT WON'T COST YOU ONE PENNY!

I HAVE REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the Perfolastic Girdle" ... writes Miss Healy ... "It massages like magic" writes Miss Kay Carroll.

So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also Features the new Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere.

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On bended knees did Billy Bakewell (left) and Johnny Mack Brown (right) bid Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy goodbye! They were headed for New York, where Ralph has a leading role in "Woman in the Dark," at the Biograph Studios.

lent to what it used to mean when a Russian was sent to Siberia. Off the screen, means out of it. It is only a miracle that Chester escaped oblivion. He didn't. The minute he was free he began to get offers.

Chester has gotten so used to living quietly that, now that he could run around, he hasn't the desire. So, if there ever was any danger of "going Hollywood" where he was concerned, it is safely past. He has turned that particular corner. He has a beautiful home, a congenial wife, two lovely children and a healthy American outlook. Now Universal is doing big things for him. You'll be seeing him soon in "Let's Talk It Over" with Mae Clark and "Embarrassing Moments," with Marian Nixon.

Six Years Ago

(*Continued from page 59*)

Not until her junior year, when her performance had been creditable, but by no means spectacular.

It would have taken a bold prophet indeed to predict that in but half of the ten years suggested by the speaker that that obscure, outgoing senior would have leaped to cinema fame; that just six years following her graduation, by June, '34, the questions asked most frequently on the campus at this 49th Commencement have been:

Which was Hepburn's room? What did she study? What was she like?

KAY HEPBURN, as she soon came to be known, had four rooms during her four-year stay. As a freshman she roomed alone at East Pembroke by her own request. Kay had always had her own room in the spacious, comfortable family home on Laurel Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

Coming to Bryn Mawr, her first away-from-home experience, Kay frankly dreaded the thought of that unknown room-mate who would want to share everything, from the study-lamp to half the hooks in the closet. She was used to "digging" but true red-head that she was, insisted on her own sweet will in the performance of every task. She had had her own way from the cradle up. She would study just how and when she liked, telling everyone to "go sit on a tack!" She was notoriously untidy, too.

The Dean's office conceded the point for freshman year to the daughter of one distinguished alumna (Mrs. Hepburn had been Bryn Mawr, 1900), and niece of another, now Mrs. Edith Houghton Hooker of Baltimore. But by sophomore year, Kay was "recommended" to make her choice of a room-mate from her own class. This she did, with results not entirely happy for either student. The two parted at the close of the year and Kay chose again for junior year; again no great congeniality resulted, and by senior year, have a room alone.

AS to that much-disputed "untidiness," it is a matter of college record that Hepburn, K. H., was called to the Dean's office several times to receive reprimands for this. It was not considered womanly or in good collegiate taste for a student to trail around so generally in an old sweat-shirt and soiled skirt (the one so graphically described in the Year Book) as Kay was wont to do. She had plenty of "grand clothes," purchased at the best shops in New York and Philadelphia, but seldom exerted herself to the point of wearing them. She rebelled particularly at the college rule of evening dress for dinner. It never mattered in the least to her how she looked. Certainly she was not in the least clothes-conscious, until—— Yes, in the middle of her senior year, the lightning struck Kay, completely shattering this apathy. A great and overwhelming change resulted. as will be recounted later.

As a student, she found it hard going to get even passing marks. She was always in the lower half of her class, scholastically. with an average for her four years somewhere between seventy and seventy-five. Seventy is required for "merit" to permit a student to gain a diploma. Kay admits to have flunked "math" twice, and to have taken repeats in oral French, which is required for graduation. She majored in history and philosophy, receiving eventually a degree of Bachelor of Arts, but she had to dig in pretty hard to get that degree.

Did it use to mortify her to compare her "punk" marks, as she had to admit them, with the renownedly brilliant college record achieved by her mother, whose whole collegiate path at Bryn Mawr had been strewn with "A's."

Kay was proud of her gifted mother She had never been repressed in any way; indeed, "can't" and "don't" had been words seldom heard in the home, where both parents were all for self-expression

WHY then with all this background of childish ambition and encouragement, do we find evidence so extremely meager in her college years of Katharine Hepburn the artist so-soon-to-be, with her almost uncanny power to portray and communicate emotion?

"I guess I'm slow," she told one of the psychology professors, with whom she used to hold earnest discussions on her own development. Psychology was her best subject. She took a tremendous interest in it, and always made the applications to herself. That professor was one of the few who predicted her success "in something" if only because "she was so all-fired earnest."

But of all this the class of '28 had little ken. The College Year Book, which is regarded a sure barometer has but one mention of her up to graduation. That was for her work on the swimming team, freshman year. The team didn't win its meets that year, and after that temperamental Kay wouldn't swim any more.

It was not until the spring of junior year that she evinced the slightest spark of ardor for Varsity Dramatics. Then she played the male juvenile role in "The Truth About the Blayds," a Broadway success borrowed by the Bryn Mawr students. As the hero of the piece, she was fairly good, but not outstandingly so. "There was certainly nothing professional about her then," recall those who still remember this maiden performance.

Then came senior year and May Day, the special festival celebrated every four years. It brought to Kay Hepburn, the "moody senior," her first opportunity. Earlier in this year, she had made her second dramatic attempt, in the Varsity Dramatics version of "Cradle Song," so familiar to student audiences through the Civic Repertory performances of Miss Eva LeGallienne. Kay's performance was highly commended: "Katharine Hepburn as Theresa was so extraordinarily lovely to look at that it was difficult to form any judgment on her acting," stated the next

issue of *The College News*. "Her voice had perhaps too much of the childish treble but her little movements, her poses and the contrast of her gaiety with the restrained atmosphere of the convent could not have been improved. Here was acting not only good, but which seemed to offer really dazzling possibilities of something far better."

That came with her choice for a leading role at May Day, just before Commencement. To the amazement of many, she was appointed by Doctor Samuel Arthur King, the college's most distinguished lecturer and Director of Diction, to play the part of Pandora in "The Woman of the Moon."

Prior to this, Kay had never had any reputation for beauty at college.

BEAUTIFUL?" repeats a member of The Bryn Mawr faculty now, recalling student Hepburn. "Why, no, certainly not beautiful, or even pretty. Glamorous? I would hardly say so. She was compelling. That is the word, I think."

Doctor King too felt no doubt at all as to the appropriateness of his "strange choice."

"Not strange at all," this high authority insisted. "I find Miss Hepburn has personality, which is essential, and otherwise great powers for unfoldment." To encourage these, he even took a hand in her rehearsals himself.

Other breath-taking changes were befalling Kay in this her first wonder year. From being noisy, cyclonic, utterly unconcerned as to dress, she grew clothes-conscious, and for the first time in her life lay awake at night dreaming of—a man.

About the middle of her senior year, in the home of Bryn Mawr friends, she met Ludlow Ogden Smith—and the lightning hit hard. Romance descended upon her.

"I want to be beautiful," Kay announced suddenly to her astonished mates.

She was already engaged to "Luddy," when she sat in her cap and gown that June day six years ago at her graduation. "Luddy" it was who drove her home when it came time to say good-bye to the fair campus, "Luddy" to whom she was married on December 12th of that same year, in her parents' home, with her grandfather officiating at the ceremony.

And now that marriage, too, is over. Like her college days, it has become memory.

What does the future hold for Kay Hepburn? Whatever it is, you may be sure it won't be dull!



A role in "Crime Without Passion," produced by Hecht (left) and MacArthur in the east, called for an unknown. Pretty Alice Jefferson, a model, was the lucky gal.



POT LUCK!

Are you always prepared for your friends when they pop in unexpectedly for lunch—tea—dinner?

THIS month's MODERN HOSTESS tells how Mrs. Brown, Johnny Mack Brown's wife, handles such a situation. The writer of this interesting article was given the opportunity of peeking into her "emergency" supply chest which saved the day when twelve hungry people remained to take pot luck after a game of tennis on the Brown Courts recently.

It's really not a very difficult feat to suddenly feed twelve extra people when you follow Mrs. Brown's system. Read the article—learn just what tasty foods are best to keep on hand for sudden summer-guest emergencies.

And if you would like some real up-to-the-minute MODERN SCREEN STAR recipes send in the coupon you'll find at the conclusion of this instructive article.

MODERN HOSTESS DEPARTMENT

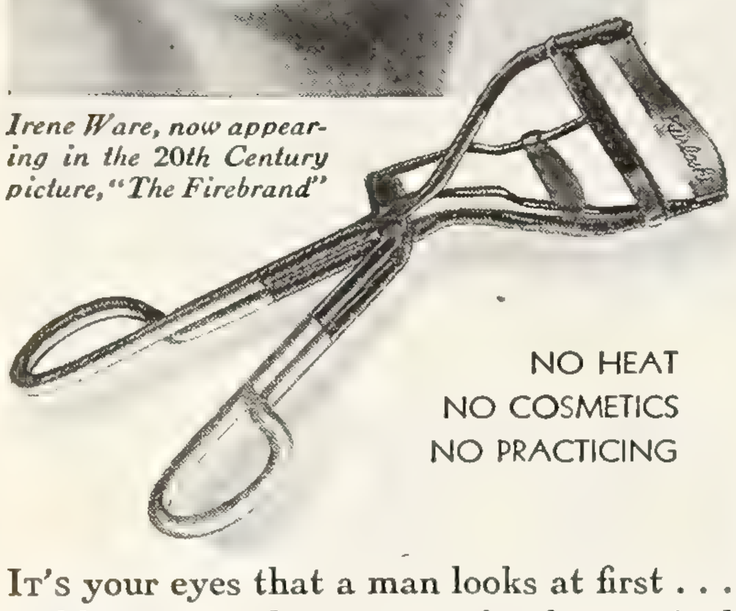
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Silvaray

Dumb Like a Fox

(*Continued from page 45*)

work. But I was just dumb enough not to care. The way I figured, in my poor way was: I wanted to get somewhere. I looked at all the guys who had graduated and tried to find the big shots among 'em. Tried to figure just how far four years of study and graduating had got them. It was a cinch for me to win the Olympics. Of course, if I'd been bright I'd just have held back and not gone, and graduated like the rest of the fellows. But I just quit school and went. I didn't even have to work hard to win. And for nine years I went all over the world swimming. Japan, London, Amsterdam—oh, almost every country. In my way, I figured I was seeing the world without it costing me anything. I even felt sort of sorry for those guys back in the University of Chicago.

"Somehow, I didn't think a lot of talk helped most people much. Especially talk about yourself. But they wouldn't have let me talk about myself if I had caught the habit early. 'Don't think *you're* so hot' is what they always tell athletes. Football or anything else. A guy's got to keep in tip-top form and that's the line coaches use to do it. I'd say 'hello' to everybody and that was about all. I was just a swimmer. I could swim a little faster than someone else. But somebody else could do figures a little faster than the next fellow, and some other guy could preach a little more eloquently. So what of it?

"And when I did mix with people a bit—well, I was invited to the big homes. If I accepted, I somehow found myself in the swimming pool with a lot of people crowded around. And I ended by giving a free exhibition.

"So I sort of decided that if you travelled all over the world and didn't say much, but watched the people of all classes you were bound to meet, you couldn't help but learn an awful lot about all people. If you didn't waste time talking yourself, you could learn how to tell what they really meant behind their words—when *they* were talking.

"After nine years of this, the coach came to me one day and said, 'You're going to quit going into competitions. You're going to do exhibitions. Good money. Ten thousand a year to start.' So I designed a bathing suit—I should know about *bathing suits*—and started giving swimming exhibitions to sell it. That's what I was doing out here. Oh, yes, since you asked about my education, which I don't like to talk about—a dumb guy shouldn't, you know—I went to night school most of the time I was travelling around for competitions.

I WAS hanging around the Hollywood Athletic Club when Cyril Hume, the writer, told me about Tarzan. I came down and talked to Benny Thaw who was casting. And he didn't give it to me. I didn't know why, then. He sounded sort of final, but being just dumb enough not to know better, I went back to Cyril Hume who brought me down to Hyman's office. Van Dyke was there. I took off my shirt. 'That's the fellow I want,' Van Dyke said and sent me back for a test. It was no good. But Van Dyke still said, 'That's the fellow I want,' and made a test of me himself. And no one—dumb or bright—is better in a test than the man who directs it."

"And that was when you had your nose made over?"

Johnny laughed. "Take a look at my nose. If it had been made over for beauty, don't you think even a dumb guy would have seen that the Doc made a better job of it than that? I've broken my nose three times. Once playing ball with Doug Fairbanks, Senior. I used to go over to his place a lot."

I took a look at Johnny's nose. And laughed. It *is* the best answer to that accusation. You look at it on the screen and you'll see what I mean. Then I looked at Johnny's eyes. Direct, honest. And I laughed again. How many young screen players would have played at Doug Fairbanks, Senior's, and been so dumb as not to let the world read about it? Why, there could be no better publicity for any movie star.

"Well," he interrupted my open stare, fidgeting around and hunting for the lunch check. He made it evident he didn't enjoy staring. "We made that picture in fourteen weeks and I waited two years to make another. And that's about all there is to tell about me. Only, don't you try to tell the world I'm a bright fellow or anything like that.

"I've spent two years around here watching people and I've got it all figured out that it's awful easy for a bright guy to be a ham actor. You don't have to *do anything*—just react to a scene the way the director tells you. I'm just so dumb I don't want to be a ham actor, I'm studying with Josephine Dillon and if I can get polish on my diction and a *chance*—maybe I can *feel* on the screen. I'm just dumb enough not to want to be a Tarzan all my life."

"And say, about that money business. Don't quote me wrong on that. I should be kicking about $500 a week when another guy's still selling swimming suits for $250.00!

I chuckled all the way home from that luncheon with Johnny Weissmuller. Of course, I'd learned long ago just how dumb he really was, but still—mry mind flashed to his sentence. "I talked to the casting director. He didn't give it to me. I didn't know why then."

So he knew now! He knew that Bobbé Arnst, the first Mrs. Weissmuller, had gone to Metro and begged the officials not to give him the Tarzan picture. "He's a grand kid now. Unspoiled. Don't let him go into pictures. Please. Something might spoil things for us, for me—" She had pleaded against an opportunity for Johnny Weissmuller.

And suddenly I was adding two and two and getting four. I felt certain I was not guessing. The secret of that original divorce was out. There is no drawback to an ambitious man like a wife who does not approve of his profession. Bobbé Arnst had not wanted Johnny to turn actor. He knew it. He had known it then. He had foreseen—what had he said, "When you travel around the world and say nothing, you sort of get to understand what people are thinking no matter what they are saying." He had foreseen that a wife who did not encourage and understand and want him to be an actor—

So he had married an actress. Fallen in love with one who knew every trick of his new business and who wants him to be a success.

In fact, we could go on for pages. And we'd prove just one thing. Johnny Weissmuller is so dumb he wants the world to think he doesn't know a thing. Then he'll have plenty of time to really promote—Johnny Weissmuller.

Sophisticated Schoolboy

(*Continued from page 58*)

to you as nearly like a Noel Coward play as was possible in 1920, and five minutes later playing practical jokes.

He was a tall, good-looking youth with more poise than most of us will ever have, an endless store of vitality, a startling disregard for matters of etiquette, and a twinkle in his eye which won over everyone who saw it. If it did not occur to those who knew him then that by 1932 he would be one of the most popular movie idols of the day, it is because they never gave his future a thought. To be sure, they came near to predicting his career after he left the little Hudson River town to seek his fortune in New York. It was rumored that Bob, with no training of any sort except his experience in theatricals at the Pawling School for Boys, had accepted a job in the chorus of a musical comedy. I remember the town's saying, "He won't stay there long. That boy will do something big."

AND they were justified. For the young Robert had everything that makes a popular idol of any sort, with a few other things thrown in. Even at seventeen his conversation was a delight. His ability to amuse didn't consist of a use of the puns and wisecracks which so often pass for humor in a boy. He had the intelligence, the natural high spirits, the originality and the sense of humor which are the ingredients of true wit. At the Pawling School he was, as I have mentioned, a member of the cast of all the plays produced there. But do you think he played the hero? Not Bob. He went in for character parts, preferably spinsters.

Beacon was the town he lived in then, in New York State. His father was vice-president of the New York Rubber Company there. Beacon was barely large enough to be a city, but boasted the steepest incline railway in the world. The cable cars went from the foot of Mt. Beacon to the top, where you had your choice of penny arcades or dancing on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Beacon itself was no different from any other town its size. There were mountains to climb, woods to walk in, and the little Melzingah River for skating and sailing.

As a young boy, Bob lived at the hotel with his younger brother, Donald, and his father and mother. The idea of living in the only hotel in town added glamor to his life. It was tremendously exciting to have dinner there. Mrs. Montgomery almost always took her meals in her room, and sometimes Mr. Montgomery would dine with her, leaving them alone in the big hotel dining-room. They felt grown up and cosmopolitan. The Montgomerys had a car and chauffeur, and obviously money. Mr. Montgomery was always impeccably dressed. I think he was the only man in town who wore a Chesterfield and a derby. Bob's clothes were better cut than most of the boys', too. He sported immaculate white flannels for tennis, when the others wore dirty white ducks. Boys who hadn't thought of it before began to beg their mothers for some "ice cream pants" like Bob Montgomery's.

When he was a student at the Overfield School in Beacon, he harnessed a horse to a pony cart, donned a coachman's tall hat and tail coat, and invited a number of his friends to go for a ride. As Bob drove the horse at a wild pace around the corner of the house, one wheel of the cart caught on the drain pipe. This mishap pulled down the pipe and upset the



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the stony driveway. One of the boys landed on the tall hat which had fallen from Bob's surprised head. He waited until the runaway horse was flying through the vegetable garden before he deigned to jump down from his precarious perch. The vegetable garden made a perfectly safe and comfortable spot in which to fall. Bob, you see, was always a quick thinker.

His interests were varied. They were those of the healthy American boy. He was a Boy Scout, he swam well and played tennis and golf. He also sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church. (It might be wiser to forget the awful Sunday that he popped his forefinger into the mouth of the startled soprano just as she was ending the chant which followed the prayer.) In school, besides Dramatics, he sang in the Glee Club, was on the *Pawling School Weekly,* went out for football, managed a team or two, and was well above the average in scholarship. He wrote with justifiable pride, "Man, I am to be congratulated. This last two weeks I got an average of 80¼ per cent in my subjects. An average of 80 puts you on the Honor Roll. So you see I am on the Honor Roll. (Ahem!)"

The following year he was struggling to keep up that record: "Been passing everything regularly except French. I can't push that language through my wooden headpiece." Can you imagine the suave Robert worrying about a French lesson? Yet with all this he still had time to write long and rather envious letters to a pal: "Every time I think of the gay life in Boston, I get a toothache or a grouch. Here I sit in this neck of the woods with nothing to do but work while you, grrrrrrr!"

ONE great part of Bob's charm was his even disposition. Have you ever heard stories about "temperament" in connection with him? I don't think there will ever be any. I have never seen him angry or irritated. Perhaps that is the reason that people can't be angry with him. When I knew him, he never thought of ringing a doorbell or knocking. Sometimes he would appear at the door and ask, "Any rags or bones?" Or you could be sitting quietly in your room on a summer afternoon, and perhaps be startled by a loud noise. It would be Bob Montgomery, come to pay a call. If he happened to be hungry, he would ignore you and pass straight through to the kitchen where he would look about and help himself to anything that happened to strike his fancy. A little while later you would look up to see his impish face peeking around the corner at you: "You're looking very handsome today."

Bob was no ordinary boy, and I think you will agree with me that he deserves all the success he has won by sheer force of his own scintillating personality. He was born to laugh, to be happy. He has "the light touch" about everything he does. That he has been successful playing the heavy lover simply shows that he can do a number of things well. And Bob certainly is one grand boy. He stands for youth and the joy of living. He wants you to laugh with him.

Pepping Up Your Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 73*)

fall colors this season. It was quite strictly tailored in design from shoulder to hem. But the blouse that went with it was a straight peplum affair in a heavy linen, striped green, beige and black. It had a nifty little bow under the chin, short sleeves and a belt of the same material. Now that little bodice with the tweed skirt made a dress in itself for the warm day, while the coat was handy for protection against cooler breezes.

A NEW dress? Is that the order? Just a general, all-round, useful dress? Make it of satin—black is the best—and have a collar and cuffs of white or color, whichever you can carry off with the greatest charm. (You know, some of us can't wear black and white. We must have a dash of color to make us bloom.) Now, this sort of dress is a little miracle which will stand by you all through the coming winter. It never really loses its charm and usefulness until the back gets shiny, and with regret you are forced to put it aside. It's summery looking too, with its gay accents, and a relief from all the whites and pastels which, by this season, have become a little washed and faded looking. You are sick of them, anyway—have enough of them hanging around—are anxious for a change. Try the black satin and see what it does for your feelings. Crepe is good, too, but not quite so smart at this time of year.

Blouses—they are the boon to the girl who needs change, at a nominal cost. What a yard and a half of goods will do for a tired suit can't be estimated. And I want to tell you some new ideas for these blouses. You know you can sew one of them up in an off evening and sally forth next day with a new outlook on life.

Plaid taffetas are simply stunning with plain suits. Striped taffetas are even better in some respects. But, in any event, choose them in brilliant colors, for the very dash of them is their chief inspiration and claim to fame. They are so stiff and perky looking, defying the world, you won't be able to go on thinking your spirits have come anywhere near the drooping stage.

There are bargains on the piece goods counter right about now. Look out for those darling patterned handkerchief linens. They were marked with boosted prices earlier in the summer. Now you can pick them up for a song. They are too delicious for words when made up with a jabot or a big bow in the front. They're proof against mussing, too, for they fall into their own natural lines and keep you away from the ironing board for a couple of days at least.

Nothing is smarter than a blouse of crisp white organdy. Work that one for all it's worth. You'll never regret that investment.

FOR a new hat, I'd advise a rather broad-brimmed felt—knockabout in type, but with some slight suggestion of a dressy appearance. You've seen this urge for black and yellow. Well, if you have a black dress, get a new yellow felt hat and a pair of yellow chamois gloves. What a rejuvenation! You have no idea how thrilling the change is until you yourself are dolled up in the ensemble.

Evening? White satin is good. Can be dyed later. Or I'd advise a long skirt of black crepe, triple sheer, or satin in black or brown or midnight blue. Then, again, blouses to go with it, and a little tight-fitting jacket with long sleeves.

Ex-Sunday School Teacher

(*Continued from page 60*)

Her mother is her pal and confidante. When she gave birth to a daughter in 1903, a doctor told her she could never have another child. That is the reason the baby was named Una which means 'one.'

The newest member of her family is her husband, Ronald L. Burla, an engineer. They were married on the first day of January, 1932, after a seven weeks' engagement. (Her father and mother were married also on a New Year's Day, also after a seven weeks' engagement.) Ever since, they have lived all together in a simply immense house.

Una, always honest, admits that she entered the lists without great beauty, without dramatic brilliance. Then how did she thrust up through the crowd? How did she win the chance to tread in the tracks of Marie Dressler and Clark Gable as a "picture-stealer?" I asked her.

"I TRIED to make every person for whom I worked feel that he could depend on me," she answered. "Every time I made an appointment, I did my level best to keep it. I wouldn't let myself be late—ever. If I got a job, I worked hard, usually for an hour or two longer than anyone else."

But that isn't all there was to it. The rest of the answer lies in the kind of girl she was when her parents brought her to New York from Philadelphia at sixteen.

She had just changed suddenly and surprisingly into a slim, eager young woman. Back in Covington, Kentucky where she lived the first fifteen years of her life, she had been ill, spindly, and something of a book-worm.

Her first love affair was certainly as commonplace as yours or mine. He was a Boy Scout and he gave Una his pin to wear. The next day, he changed his mind and took it back. But was Una heart-broken? Not a bit. She fell in love with a boy who had a bigger and brighter Scout pin.

In her first fist fight we discover a hint of the spirit that was to sustain her through her early discouraging years. She was a Sunday School junior in Covington, Ky. One Sunday, all the Juniors wore wreaths of daisies and quaint white-and-blue Mother Hubbards. Little Una liked her dress so well that she wore it to school on Monday. A neighbor boy followed her home that afternoon mocking her, teasing her until she ran crying into the house. Her father said, "Una, why don't you go out there and give that kid a thrashing?"

Her eyes widened with surprise. "Oh, may I?"

"Go to it."

She had been taught that little ladies didn't fight. It had not occurred to her that one might break the rule. But now she had her father's sanction. With her little skirts tucked up in her belt, she waded into her tormentor. The black eye she got and the two she gave was the neighborhood scandal for a month.

AND there you have her, the kind of girl she was when her parents moved to New York and she made up her mind that she wanted to be an actress.

Abandoning high school and its formal courses, she went to the invigorating atmosphere of a dramatic institute. Day and night, while diction and gestures absorbed her, she haunted stage doors just to look at celebrated actresses. Then, she looked for a job.

At first, there was no job anywhere. Men looked at her and said, "Too green."

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To acquire poise, she began to pose for artists. Between poses, she continued to tramp the streets hour after hour, from office to office, meeting the monotonous, spirit-killing rejection, "Nothing today."

You may be sure she was tempted to give up, but eventually, Fate relented. She got a tiny part.

The man who gave her a first real chance was John Golden, the theatrical producer.

"I need someone with a lot of experience," he said. "What have you done?"

Una Merkel didn't know it, but as she sat in that office she was at a crossroad in her career. She might have lied about her experience and mentioned imaginary work in England or on the West Coast. Instead, she said. "I've played in two shows. In one, I walked on and off without opening my mouth. In the other, I said just one line."

JOHN GOLDEN must have been a little stunned to hear her say that. But her honesty pleased him, for before she left his office her name was signed to a contract, the contract that was to make her a Broadway favorite.

Those next months were unbelievably busy. She had a part in "Pigs." And then in something else. People began to say that the girl with the cute southern voice at the John Golden Theatre had that certain something. Then came "Coquette," the hit in which Helen Hayes starred for two years. In it, also, was a young and handsome Irish actor named Andrew Lawlor, the original Penrod of Booth Tarkington's famous play. Inevitably he and Una were drawn together, and inevitably, they fell in love.

That was Una's first grand experience. Before, she had been too intent about her work. But Andrew was different. He was something of a genius, too, with a genius' heroic moods. Their days were divine, full of gaiety and dreams. Their nights were given to the theatre. That went on for two glad years.

Her chance to play in D. W. Griffith's picture, "Abraham Lincoln," separated them—though neither of them had a glimmering of it—forever.

On the day set for work to begin, she got a wire from New York that tore the heart out of her. Andrew Lawlor had been rushed to the hospital, stricken suddenly with appendicitis. And he had died.

She kept her secret. Nobody realized she was doing a Pagliacci. She wanted to forget—so she worked and worked and worked. For weeks. When "Don't Bet On Women" was thrown on a screen, it was seen that she had "stolen" the picture.

After that, offers came with bewildering rapidity. She made picture after picture. Work, you see, still was the anodyne her grief demanded. Gradually, the pain of bereavement dulled. Many months later, one Hallowe'en night, she went to a party at a friend's home. One of the men there was Ronald Burla. She had already met him several times.

This night, as she looked at him, she discovered a little ache in her heart. He came toward her unexpectedly and asked her to dance.

That Hallowe'en night he asked her to marry him. From the first, he had loved her but her success had scared him. But now, he was asking her the old, sweet question. They were married, as I already told you, seven weeks later on New Year's Day.

Una Merkel worries now and then, I think, about the charming and goofy young things she portrays on the screen. She fears that the public will not accept her in any role where she isn't dumb and where she doesn't crack wise.

But I believe Una Merkel has the precious gift of turning giddy shadows into flesh-and-bone people. And I believe, whenever the talkies offer her in other roles, she will receive the same shining answer.

Still Pals

(*Continued from page 48*)

wife for Cary and the three of us go about together a good deal. I miss his constant companionship, of course."

IN spite of his bravado and sensible acceptance of this new state of affairs, a wistfulness lay behind Randy's words. One instinctively feels the sense of loss and emptiness that has come into Randy's life since Cary married Virginia Cherrill.

They had lived together, these friends, for two years before Cary met Virginia. They originally met on the studio lot, and from the first, were drawn to each other by that intangible something by which one instantly recognizes a kindred spirit.

"I introduced him to Virginia," said Randy with a rueful, little smile. "I knew Virginia only casually, and the three of us met one lunch time. I could see that something happened between them right from the start. But the engagement wasn't announced for a long time.

"Last November Cary and I went to Europe together. Virginia was waiting in England, and I knew that they would be married there. Cary always said he wanted to be married in England. He was born there, you know. Going over on the boat Cary was nervous, moody and over-anxious to get to Virginia. He was all strung up. One day something happened that might have had disastrous results if it hadn't finally been explained after we landed.

"It seems that Virginia and Cary had an understanding between them, that if either one became interested in anyone else, they would at once tell the other about it. All during the trip they used to send daily radiograms to each other. One day Cary came rushing up to me with a radio message in his hand.

"'What the devil do you suppose this means,' he demanded. I read it. The first part of the message was normal enough, but at the end was a startling statement. It said, 'Accepting Morris' and was signed 'Virginia.'

"Cary was wild. I had a terrible time calming him. And almost at the same time, Virginia had received a radiogram that Cary had sent her, which drove her nearly frantic. The message Cary had actually sent was 'Distracted and bored,' but when it was delivered to her it read, 'Attraction on board.' Both of them went about acting like a couple of Bengal tigers in a cage.

WHEN we finally landed and they thrashed the matter out, it turned out that all radiograms sent from and to London, first had to be relayed on through a French port, and that in doing so, both messages had become distorted, which explained the mix-up. Someone else's message concerning their acceptance of the mysterious 'Morris' had been tacked on to Virginia's radio to Cary, and his to her had been likewise badly bungled. It took them

two days, however, to disentangle the mess and make their peace with each other after we landed."

"Did you stay in England for their wedding?" I asked.

Randy stared moodily down at his hands for a long moment before he replied.

"No," he finally answered. "I had to return home—alone. When I next saw Cary he was a married man."

"But you say that you feel that marriage hasn't changed him, at least, so far as you are concerned?"

"I see an admirable change in Cary Grant, the man," said Randy Scott loyally. "He was always gay and full of spontaneity. He went into everything he did, heart and soul. When he played, he played 100 per cent. Now he is looking to the future. He is more balanced. I have never seen him so happy. They are both terribly in love. I think that they are the happiest couple I have ever seen.

"As I have said, we are just as good pals as ever. But I am watching. I am on guard. I don't ever want to contribute in any way to his unhappiness. I don't ever want to be blamed for any trouble. Sometime, quite naturally, there might be a petty quarrel between Virginia and Cary. Perhaps his eggs might not be cooked to suit him in the morning, or something equally unimportant. And if I were around too much, people might lay the blame at my door.

"I never interfere with Virginia in any way. We are good friends. I give her full credit for the agreeable changes I now see in Cary. Their happiness makes me think more about marriage. It makes me feel that it must be a pretty good state of existence. We three often go places together. Sometimes we make it a foursome, and I bring a girl along. But our dates are spontaneous now, and usually cooked up on the spur of the moment. They are not planned ahead as Cary's and mine used to be. In the old days, for instance, he and I almost always were invited out together on Thursday nights. That was the servants' night out, and people took pity on us, knowing that we were open for dinner engagements at that particular time. Incidentally, I still am."

Does Hollywood Want Me?

(*Continued from page 49*)

Strangely enough, Elissa had made a success in a profession she disliked. She received offers too tempting, from a monetary standpoint, to turn down.

"After all," says Elissa, "I had to make my own living, and I had, and still have, dependents. Writing, as you may know, is not very lucrative, especially for the novice."

ONE London success followed another. Elissa came to Broadway, and, finally, to Hollywood. She is sincerely grateful to Hollywood for many things, but she has failed to find joy in her work. And I feel that the answer lies in the fact that while Elissa has given some fine performances, and is capable of giving finer ones, she is not a born actress.

She takes her screen characterizations too seriously. If she cannot understand and believe in every word and action of the heroines, she cannot put her heart into her performance.

"I think the fans would like to see Marcia of 'The Sign of the Cross,' Antiope

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2 eggs
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Baked pie shell (8-inch)

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of 'Warrior's Husband' and the heroine of 'The Yellow Ticket' again," said Elissa. "Other than that, I don't think they care whether they ever see Elissa Landi again."

I think the answer goes a bit deeper than that. The fans want to see the Elissa Landi of those three pictures because Elissa herself believed in those three women sufficiently to bring them thrillingly to life on the screen.

I watched Elissa enacting the rôle of Blossom Bailey in "Sisters Under the Skin," and I couldn't help but feel that she was a bit disdainful of Blossom. Another actress might have submerged her own personality in the screen character, but Elissa never quite forgot that Blossom's ideals were not her ideals, that Blossom's courage was not equal to her own.

The day I talked to Elissa, she had just walked out of the Columbia picture appropriately titled "The Party's Over." The studio agreed to cancel her contract. It was the second time since she came to Hollywood that she had prevailed upon a studio to cancel her contract before its expiration.

"For three years I was under contract to a studio that didn't want me. Fox wanted me when they signed me, but I became a bone of contention between warring political factions. When the faction that had sponsored me was in power, they gave me a good picture, not because they cared about Elissa Landi, but because they wanted to show up the opposition. When the men who wanted to be rid of me came back into power, I got poor pictures and my best scenes went on the cutting room floor."

NOW, here again, Elissa is right. And yet, like every question, there are two sides to this one. There is something to be said for the viewpoint of the producers, for Elissa is never as much concerned with the probable box office returns of a picture as she is with the character of the heroine she is to play.

"My relations with Columbia were perfectly agreeable. They are turning out good pictures, but their trend is modern frothy stuff, the sort of thing I can't do. I walked out on 'The Party's Over,' because I was to have played a second rate American stenographer, a sort of stooge to Stuart Erwin. Now the story may make a very good picture, but I'm not the type and I couldn't do justice to it or to myself."

"I think that the question is not whether or not Hollywood wants you, but whether you want Hollywood," I said.

"But it's only when Hollywood and the public want you that you can survive here," she said with a quizzical smile.

"Do you want to survive here?" I asked. "You have so many other interests? How about your writing?"

"I want to survive here for two reasons. First, I want to create something really fine on the screen, and, second, I enjoy the luxury and the easy beauty that my work in pictures makes possible."

Her estate is an integral part of her life, every inch of it receiving her personal attention. Whether it is a pomegranate tree that needs pruning, a bird house in need of repairing, or a piece of china that needs replacing, Elissa sees to it herself. Her servants have all been with her since she first came to Hollywood. It would break her heart to give them up. At Christmas time, she finds her greatest happiness in making a gay holiday for them. She has never been known to forget any of their birthdays.

Elissa is one of the "workingest" people imaginable. She dislikes wasting time, and works on her novel between scenes on the set. At home she finds time to dictate from her notes to her stenographer, practice her music, and attend to all the details of her home.

"This picture business does soften us," she said. "Not our hearts, but our brains. We make splendid money. We're able to provide ourselves with luxuries. We forget that there is poverty and genuine distress outside. We become so concerned with our own petty battles for popularity and supremacy that we forget about the rest of the world. We cease to think.

"Perhaps I've been here long enough. Perhaps I should get away from Hollywood now in order to save my soul. There have been times when I've seriously considered giving it all up."

Perhaps Elissa's latest picture, "The Great Flirtation," which she did for Paramount, has given her a more zestful feeling about her film work. It should have. She's swell in it. People who have heretofore regarded her as cold and static sat up and blinked at her emotional acting.

Of course, Elissa will never cease to think. That is why, while she will be grateful to Hollywood for what it gives her, she will never be completely satisfied here or anywhere else. She is too sincere and intelligent a person to stagnate anywhere. She will insist on giving something as well as taking. That is the reason she is so concerned with whether or not Hollywood really wants her. Whether or not *you* want her. Unless she can feel that she is giving something worth while, she does not feel right about taking even Hollywood's material benefits.

Well—what do you think?

Hollywood's Lost Children

(*Continued from page 62*)

1933, alone, 453 applied. If that many asked for help, how many were there who did not ask?

"We care for about five hundred a month," reports the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. And Wilbur J. Lake, the Business Secretary of that organization, has been moved to appeal to the editor of this magazine, hoping that MODERN SCREEN may perhaps be able to "influence parents to be more reluctant in permitting their young sons to leave home and become problems to communities in which they do not belong."

THERE are fewer girls wandering the country than boys—but a greater number of them head for Hollywood. The boys who come to Hollywood, relief workers have ascertained, as a rule have sense enough to know they don't stand much chance in pictures. They are content to trail stars up the Boulevard and beg for autographs. But the girls are different. They come to Hollywood convinced that they have a future in pictures.

Here is a typical case, from the files of one of the welfare agencies. (It is understood that all names used are fictitious.)

Case 4359. Alice Adams. 15 years of age. Reported missing from Providence, R. I. Alice asked her father to let her go to the movies with a girl friend in the evening. When it was

time for the show to be out, she did not return. Father notified the police. Nearby towns were investigated, but no trace was found. Two months later Alice showed up at the Travellers' Aid Society in Los Angeles, exhausted, her clothes in rags, without a cent. She had not eaten for three days. At great effort, a place was found for the girl to stay while the bureau telegraphed her father to see if he could afford to pay her bus fare back to Providence. But Alice, suspecting that she was to be sent back, sneaked out and has not been heard of since.

What has become of Alice? Where is she now? From dealing with hundreds of cases just like hers, the welfare bureaus can hazard a pretty good guess. Alice probably got a job as a waitress or house servant somewhere in Hollywood. She saved her money until she could buy some pretty clothes, and then moved in with a girl she had met who was a movie extra. In the past six months, she may have worked *two* days in pictures, at $7.50 a day. She still thinks she is headed for stardom, however. How does she live? She bums meals from boy friends. Once in a while she goes back to being a waitress again, for a few days. She likes the life. She likes the gossip of the studios, the atmosphere of pictures, the hand-to-mouth existence, the parties given when a lucky friend gets a few days' work. She can handle her shot of gin like a veteran. She lets men paw her because she's learned that "a girl has to be a good sport if she wants to get anywhere." Will Alice ever go back home? Never! She has changed her name and blondined her hair, and she's in Hollywood to stay!

Here is the case of a boy of sixteen—the boy whose snapshot you see at the beginning of this story. Howard's case never even reached the welfare agencies, so where he is today nobody knows. We quote from a letter directed to Irving Thalberg, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Dear Mr. Thalberg:

I take the liberty to write you to bring to your notice the story of a little lost Chicago boy who left home a month ago to go to Los Angeles. Alone, without money, nothing but the clothes he was wearing when he left, one blanket in a Boy Scout kit on his shoulders, on through the storms of the past months. When last heard of he was up in Seattle, Washington. How he got over the Rockies is not known. He wrote a brief card from Seattle, no forwarding address.

I am his mother. The boy left his classroom May 2, last heard of from Iowa—Sioux City; then from Miles City, Montana, and Seattle. I came to this country when my husband died, with my three children, the oldest boy now 24, one girl 20, and this boy, Howard, 16. I have tried to reach him by broadcast, without success. I enclose a few photos of the boy taken at different times.

(Signed)

Mrs.———, Chicago, Ill.

THERE *are* no jobs open in pictures to young people who have no stage or radio experience. Of eighty-odd girls now living at the Hollywood Studio Club, only one works with any degree of regularity. And she has a $1,000 wardrobe, knows every casting director personally, has extraordinary looks, intelligence, and acting ability, and sits in her room telephoning the Central Casting Bureau every half hour, all day long! All that, just to be an extra. The Studio Club's books

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show that, in seven years, 1500 girls have lived there. Their histories cast a truthful light on their chances of success:

Returned Home	400
Married	200
Still in California (but not in pictures)	850
Placed in pictures	50

"It is pure egotism that brings many of the girls to Hollywood," states one social worker, firmly. "They may win a beauty contest, back in their home towns. Then their friends tell them they're better than Greta Garbo, and they're conceited enough to believe it!" This is all too true. Hollywood has not forgotten the anecdote of The Second Mary Pickford. A producer on Poverty Row—the row of smaller studios along Gower Street in Hollywood—was told that Mary Pickford was in his office waiting to see him. In strode a Swedish girl, six feet tall, with long curls down her back. She announced cooly that she had come to Hollywood to take Mary Pickford's place. Not only was she as homely as a mud fence, but she was violently cross-eyed! Yet the poor soul really and truly thought she was a raving beauty! You may not believe the story, but it happened. Egotism? What do *you* say?

Then there is the case of a little boy—a little black boy. We can't resist the temptation to tell you his real name, it's so odd. Muscoe Levison. But the fix that poor, scared little Muscoe found himself in was far from funny! His case card reads:

> Muscoe Levison. Age 13. Negro. Ran away from Yazoo City, Miss. Father and mother dead. Lived there with grandfather. Said he left home "to see the world." Negro Y. M. C. A. reports he either talks all the time or sulks. Examined by mental specialists. Found to be "dull, retarded, disinterested." Cried day and night, he was so homesick. Recommended he be returned home before he became a public charge. Liable to end up in prison or an asylum.

Poor, bewildered little black boy! But they're *all* bewildered, all these homesick, scared, unwanted, lost children! They come out to Hollywood imagining the studios will be wide open to them. Instead they find iron gates and policemen to keep them out. They can't get in. They can't talk to anybody. They don't even get to see the stars, unless it's just for a minute, getting in and out of a limousine in front of a restaurant, or something of that sort.

> Edith Symoe. 18. Referred to Society by a minister. Had been working in his home as a servant, until he discovered her to have a dangerous disease. Investigation disclosed she had been in reformatory in Mid West 5 yrs. Ran away. Father refuses to take her back. Sister living near Los Angeles refuses have anything to do with her. Can't keep any job longer than a day or two. Thoroughly unreliable. Lies, cheats, steals, drinks. "Man crazy." Given charity at the Brandon Guest House. (Volunteers of America.) Her disease made her a danger to the other women inmates, and she was put into the General Hospital, the City of Los Angeles paying her bill. Juvenile Probation office is appointing a guardian for her. Feared she is too far along now to reform.

Most of the welfare agencies are supported by the Community Chest. Like the Brandon Guest House, they try to supply all who come to them, first with food, shelter, and clothing, and, second, with a home, a job, or the fare back to their own residence in whatever state they may come from. But you know, yourself, how scarce jobs have been. Nor can the funds of the Community Chest be stretched like a rubber band. What becomes of the many boys and girls who can *not* be given help? No figures at all are available on them.

Well, if you go up a dark alley behind a restaurant, late at night, you can now and then catch a glimpse of a pretty girl ravenously munching scraps out of a garbage can. It is a sight you don't ask to see twice.

And there are boys sleeping in vacant lots, in culverts, behind signboards, if you know where to look for them . . . The figures of the Municipal Service Bureau for Homeless Men tell the story. Conducted by the Los Angeles Department of Social Service, the Bureau took care of 2,148 wandering men and boys during the month of August, 1933. Under the terse heading, "Where Slept Last Night," their figures say:

Paid Lodgings	441
Charity Lodgings	388
Jail	104
No Shelter	1,215

"The first-timers—the boys we get who are away from their homes for the first time—are nice kids," says Franklin Newcomb of the Boys' Lodge. But he adds, with a shake of his head, "To see the same boys six months later, when they get back to us for the second time, is a horrible shock! They are lazy, filthy in their habits, and destructive. They have lost all sense of responsibility, all sense of decency. Their idea of working is to beg dimes on the streets. They will steal even from boys in the same boat they are in. If any new boy has a white shirt, they will steal it right off his back. They have become real bums—outcasts—homeless wanderers for ever!"

None of this is Hollywood's fault. Hollywood can not be blamed for the heart-rending tragedies of these lost boys and girls. Hollywood is begging you here and now, from the bottom of its heart—

Keep Your Boys and Girls at Home!



Tune in on "Hollywood Highlights" and hear the handsome gentleman on the left, Sam Taylor, MODERN SCREEN'S Hollywood reporter, recount interesting bits of gossip every Monday and Wednesday at 6:30 p.m., over WMCA, New York City. With him are Block and Sully, currently working in "Treasure Hunt."

Reviews

(*Continued from page 47*)

Tullio Carminati and Lyle Talbot also give nice accounts of themselves.

B: BACHELOR BAIT (RKO)

Amusing entertainment. Stuart Erwin plays a very meek young man who suddenly goes into the matrimonial agency business. He runs it on the up-and-up, so it makes a lot of potatoes until the town lawyer wants to buy the swell business and Erwin won't sell. Then the fun starts. We won't spoil this by telling you the real plot, because that is what makes it such good entertainment. Rochelle Hudson is beautiful as the receptionist in the agency office. Skeets Gallagher is right on the nose in the part of the lawyer and walks away with almost every scene in which he appears. But what has happened to Pert Kelton? Her voice is bad and she seems to be trying to sound like a siren looks!

B: COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO)

Good, Wheeler and Woolsey! If you are a W & W fan, you'll want to see this for sure, since it's one of their best to date. The picture is laid in the ancient days and the two stars are hilariously funny, even to look at. Bert is a kleptomaniac and we hope you don't roll in the aisle when the coach-and-four disappears. Then, the boys are mistaken for doctors and some more funny situations are the result. Dorothy Lee (as usual) and Thelma Todd are the gals, but they haven't much to do.

B: HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount)

Shades of Mack Sennett. Yes, this first appearance of Jack Haley is rather close to the old Sennett comedies, but we have a hunch you are going to like it anyway. The story is allowed to take a back seat to comic situations, fast chases, broken vases and all the rest of the time-worn angles. Jack Haley is a cinch to get in the movie money because he has a rare idea of the ridiculous. Mary Boland holds the picture together while Neil Hamilton and Patricia Ellis wander. Isabel Jewell doesn't get enough chance but she looks swell while you can see her.

B: KISS AND MAKE UP (Paramount)

Fast and snappy comedy. Cary Grant is a beauty doctor whose mission in life is to make all women gorgeous. One customer (Genevieve Tobin) requires a whole year of treatment and in the end, her husband becomes jealous enough to divorce her. From there on the story goes at a riotous pace in which all members of the cast seem to have romantic inclinations to one or another of the others. Grant's secretary (Helen Mack) is really in love with Cary, but she allows herself to get mixed up with Eddie Horton (Tobin's Ex) just to spite the boss. The entire story seems to be a burlesque on the beauty racket, with most of the feminine players hunting for beauty.

B: THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners)

Very good entertainment. Can you imagine Edward G. Robinson as a Frenchman? Well, no one else could, either, and that is what makes it possible for Eddie to get away with a murder in this picture. He impersonates another person long enough to establish a new identity and, when the killing is done, he is able to return to his own personality without (almost) detection. We can tell you the story because the audience is in on the thing all along. Eddie is the brother of Mary Astor, who is under the spell of her husband, Louis Calhern. To remove her from his spell, Robinson decides to remove the cause. Ric Cortez has a sympathetic role for a change.

B: MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M)

Entertainment with thrills. The high point of thrills in this picture is reached when a passenger car becomes loose on a hill, there being six people and plenty of tons of dynamite in the car. But this is only part of it. The story, in the main, concerns Charlie Ruggles whose self-elected job is that of "crime deflector." He decides that he will protect Mary Carlisle throughout the entire seven reels, and while he's doing it we guarantee you'll have plenty of laughs, chills and entertainment. Mary plays a telephone operator, who is suddenly discovered to be the "missing daughter" of the third-richest man in the world. You'll like this one.

B: MURDER ON THE BLACK-BOARD (RKO)

Swell mystery comedy. What a grand team they make—Edna May Oliver and Jimmie Gleason. The picture opens with a gory murder in a deserted classroom and from that point, comedy and sleuthing combine to find the solution. Miss Oliver does one of her best bits of work as Snoopy, the oldest teacher in the school, who decides to work with the dumb detective (Gleason) in finding the murderer of one of the younger teachers, played by Barbara Fritchie. Tully Marshall and Gertrude Michael do well. Go!

B: THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners)

Humorous, fast-moving programmer. This is one of those "old reliables." Nothing new in the way of plot, but the excellent manner in which the material is handled makes it thoroughly enjoyable. Pat O'Brien is swell as the boxer, who gets a big head only to find that his manager has been buying off his opponents. He decides to quit the racket, but when he learns that his wife, Glenda Farrell, is going to have a baby he decides to hire himself out as a frame-fighter. Maybe you can guess what happens. But even if you can, the way it happens and the swell situations meanwhile will make you laugh.

B: SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox)

Fast, rowdy-yet-clean comedy. Were you about to say that a story about a sailor on leave couldn't be rowdy and yet clean? Quietly leave the room! Here is a picture that is all of that, laughs one after another, funny situations, sailors in their usual haunts, but the picture is pee-ure! Lew Ayres comes back with a smash in this one and proves that he needs only proper casting to keep him on top. Alice

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Faye is headed for big things. She has everything. Harry Green will slay you as Jose Lopez Rubenstein, of Buenos Aires, and the comedy of Mitchell and Durant is excellent.

B: SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount)

Funny, fast and musical. What? Another comedy! Yes, this month has given still another and this one, too, is well worth your time and money. Listen to the cast: Jack Oakie as the "Barker" is teamed with the late Dorothy Dell. Roscoe Karns as "the man on the flying trapeze" commits his love-making to Arline Judge (beautiful and clever) which leaves Alison Skipworth and Ben Bernie to wander around without romance. Here are some of the hit tunes that Bernie plays: "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming," "Take A Lesson From The Lark" and "Were Your Ears Burning Baby."

B: WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO)

Funny and batty at once! Can you imagine Edna May Oliver playing polo? That's the first thing that will throw you in the aisle, and from then on, the whole picture becomes just one aisle-rolling after another. Marian Nixon is her natural self and runs off with plenty of honors, while Billie Burke almost wins the best performance of the year with her characterization of the "dumb mother" in the show. Lots of snappy gags, funny situations galore and grand acting.

C: FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners)

Among the also rans. Not for many a moon have we been treated to quite so consistently flat a comedy as we were forced to sit through in this film. Most of the fault lies with the writing and direction, for there are yards and yards of what presumes to be comedy that caused not a ripple of a laugh. Charlie Ruggles plays a guy who was a rave in his college days, but who has become a down-trodden wage slave. He is engaged in writing some rather underhanded work for a crooked candidate for governor when an old school pal arrives in town and, by means of a bit too much liquor, manages to bring back Charlie's spirit. He rewrites the article and "saves the nation."

C: GRAND CANARY (Fox)

Unnecessarily slow and boring. Another "best-seller" bites the dust. Yes, this picture was made from one of the real book hits of recent years and turns out to be one of the slowest movies in months. Warner Baxter, playing a railroaded M.D., does the best he can, as does Madge Evans, but the direction and situation allow them little to do but look sad and woe begone. We warned you!

C: HIGH SCHOOL GIRL (Byron Foy)

With moral attached. And a much better job of producing than is usually found in this type of entertainment. Obviously, it concerns a young girl in school—one who has a club woman for a mother—who gets into trouble only to be told by her busy parent that "you are too young for that kind of information." All through the picture wanders a "Professor" who talks with frankness and obstinancy on the subject of "What Every Young Girl Should Be Told." The youngsters, especially Miss Parker, do well with their roles while the older players, Crane Wilbur and Helen MacKellar, are too heavy.

C: HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO)

Mind-over-matter, or something. This film was perfectly titled, it being the studio's greatest gamble in years. A gamble because it takes Dix out of his usual role and into a heavy, none-too-well explained characterization of a man trying to save his daughter from the terrible power of his wife over her. The wife is altogether too ghastly and the daughter, Erin O'Brien Moore, isn't given much chance to be liked by the audience, because her part is not well written.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 35*)

picture company invited her to make tests. Each time she did she became so nervous, that she'd weep buckets of tears. Naturally, the tests were useless and the gal was out.

When Charlie MacArthur heard this, he determined to get some good shots of Whitney Bourne or bust. He called her and said, "Now, you're to play a highly hysterical woman in this story. You must cry all over the place. The more you cry, the better we'll like it. And don't forget it!"

Of course, it wasn't true a-tall. Just a MacArthur gag. And the result obtained was perfect. Miss Bourne couldn't squeeze a single salt tear. The cameras ground and she acted and forgot to cry. The test was so good, that she is playing the siren in the picture.

Well, there are all ways of crashing the movies and you'll admit that Whitney and Margot certainly picked a couple of unique ones!

And now to get up to the Bronx—and Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy and "A Woman in the Dark." We haven't seen Miss Wray in a long time; in fact, not since she was being flung around by "King Kong." She's a dramatic actress now, *if* you please, and has gained in poise accordingly. A very charming manner, an accent which she comes by honestly—the gal's a Canadian, you know—and a sureness that is a little flooring without being the tiniest bit offensive. And beeootiful! Well, yes. Much more so than on the screen, for she has coloring that is simply exquisite.

She's thrilled to be in New York and wishes they'd send for her every six months to make a picture; that is, provided her handsome writer-husband, John Monk Saunders could be along, too.

Everything is so serene with Fay and her mode of living and her career, that she's afraid she isn't what's known in the writing world as "good copy."

Ralph Bellamy, looking quite as attractive as the women of America agree he is,

sauntered across the set. Here's a gent with a quick wit who thanks heaven he got the breaks at last. His future plans are up in the air. He said he may return to Hollywood, or he may do a play in New York, or he may do one in London. So, take your choice. He claims he hasn't any—choice, we mean.

Ralph and Fay have played together before, so it's sort of a happy family effect, with Phil Rosen, who directed Barbara La Marr long ago, wielding the megaphone in a directorial capacity.

* * *

KAY FRANCIS breezed into town and out so fast you could scarcely see her heels for the dust! Miss Francis is the despair of Warners' press department, since she's quite impossible to pin down for an interview.

At that, the only questions worth asking Kay are bound to be personal—all about her "Ex" and the one before that that she is reported to be considering remarrying, and her friendship with Chevalier and the episode of the cut wrists. Well, you can see for yourself, there are several reasons why the lady should wish to keep her counsel.

She is doing Italy with a friend and the trip is by the way of being a belated vacation. Before departing, Kay created quite a furore in the Fifth Avenue shops, for she is immediately recognized wherever she goes. She buys extravagantly and has excellent taste.

* * *

Leo Carrillo represents the "personal appearance" visitor of the month. The Italian gentleman has been doing his stuff at various picture houses along Broadway and it (the material) and he are pretty bad. Yes, the Carrillo is certainly a bit on the ham-my side, doing plenty of showing off and playing to the gallery and telling the "folks out there" all about his estate in Hollywood.

We could have even forgiven him the stale jokes, but the "mugging" and applause-waits after each announcement of his future plans were a little too much.

* * *

Glenda Farrell dropped in to shop and see plays and meet her beau, who returned from Europe. Here's a lady fairly exuding good-fellowship and charm and a sense of well-being. She spends her off moments raving about Mary Brian and Mary returns the compliment and, at that, they're both displaying good taste!

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

popular book which I have read and enjoyed, I'm always thrilled.

If you read "Grand Canary," "As the Earth Turns" and "A Modern Hero," you know what thoroughly delightful reading those books were. Hollywood filmed all three of them. I was curious and anxious to see what our producers and casting directors had done with them.

I'm sorry to say that I came away from each one of them disgusted. I know the actors weren't at fault—Warner Baxter, Jean Muir and Richard Barthelmess can do excellent work. In each case, the director just didn't "get" what it was all about.

Perhaps it's like that game—you whisper a sentence or a phrase to your neighbor, he repeats it, or what he thinks you said, to his neighbor and so on till it is repeated to a number of people. The tenth person's version of the original remark will amaze you. Perhaps that's what happens to a novel when the producers get hold of it. Maybe it goes through so many hands, each one making the changes he thinks necessary, that when it finally is ready for the screen, the original story is unrecognizable.

In all honesty, I must say that "Little Man, What Now?" was the rare exception. Frank Borzage did a swell job with that picture. I wonder what they'll do with "The Count of Monte Cristo," which is being filmed now. I only hope it isn't ruined.

IS HE POPULAR!

BETTE HUESTON, of London, Canada, says:

Well, folks, here I am completely disillusioned and distraught! The reason? I have just read of Bing Crosby's plan to retire in 1935. Do you realize what that will mean, folks? No more songs by America's favorite voice with a heart-throb, no more of that natural style of acting so rare on the silver screen today. Good heavens, are we going to sit back and let this popular star fade from the limelight completely without doing a single thing to prevent it?

Speak up, fans, do we want Bing, or do we? Now let's hope he'll "Please, Surrender."

WANTS LEW AYRES ON TOP!

JOHN GRASSI, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

Why, oh, why have they thrown down Lew Ayres so shamelessly? This competent and sterling artist is one of the very best, as anyone who witnessed his performance in "All Quiet on the Western Front" will know.

Please put him back on the very top where he belongs and not in such hopeless films as "Cross Country Cruise," which was pretty awful. (*M-m, we agree, but we think Fox is doing right by him now. He has very nice roles in "She Learned About Sailors," with Alice Faye and the lead opposite Janet Gaynor in "Servants' Entrance." Also, he's scheduled to do "Lottery Lover," with Pat Paterson.*)

MODERN SCREEN'S DRAMATIC SCHOOL PLEASES FANS

MISS PALUMBO, of Whitestone, N. Y., welcomes our stunt:

I have read about your new department, "*Modern Screen's* Dramatic School." My friends and I all think it's a grand idea. We would like you to make it as technical as possible. There are many of us who cannot afford to go to a dramatic school but who want information about speaking, stage deportment and so forth. Since almost anyone can afford to buy your magazine, the article will help those who are hoping someday to see their pictures in *Modern Screen.* (*The "Dramatic School" idea caught on like wild-fire with the fans. Needless to say we're delighted that all of you like it so well.*)



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Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 12*)

exceptions. If the man's already "in" deep enough—meaning in love—he's not going to get un-interested if his girl is withdrawn and unresponsive—a cold, little clam; it may make him all the more determined to win a smile, a date, a kiss. And if he's one of these suffering-shy lads, a girl with the ready-eager-waiting line will hasten along the romance—that's all.

But our girl doesn't know he's in love—and if she's wise she doesn't take chances. She plays the game out, according to the best set of rules she can hit on.

Now I can fairly hear you saying, "My dear Miss Van Doran, you list a lot of 'don'ts.' But what is there we *can* do?"

Well, here's one thing you can and should do—when *he* talks to you, let something of the way you feel about him show in you. An extra warmth in your tone, and if your eyes can light up at sight of him, so much the better. That will rate you in his mind as a live, vibrant personality to be sought out again.

And at first, just the idea that you're gone on Jack, or Don, or Ted, may buoy you all up—heady excitement that keeps a girl riding the crest until, presto, a little uncertainty comes along. And here's where some of you get confused—you feel that being uncertain is one and the same thing as defeat. It's the girl who can ride through doubt and suspense, like an expert swimmer, who usually comes out best woman in the end.

Certain love experts stress self-assurance—and that's all very fine but the mortal doesn't live whose assurance can't be shaken at times. I wonder if poise is not more important. Under stiff competition, your self-confidence may suffer inwardly. If you've schooled yourself to be a poised person, you can show the world a "smooth" front, no matter how you feel.

Isn't "poise" another word for being "smooth" that is the ideal of our youngest generation? It's a clear-cut attitude that makes a girl stand out as "knowing what it's all about."

BY way of illustration, let's look in on a little scene that makes a demand for the girl to be smooth. Tommy, whom you've about decided is your "big moment," is coming toward you, is about to speak, and, you think, ask you for the dance. Vividly little Joan turns, stands directly before him, exclaiming, "Why, Tommy—hello! Isn't this waltz just too wonderful to waste?" Now, with such a lead as that he can do no less than ask her to try it with him. You're not close enough to hear; you only catch a glimpse of him stopping before Joan, instead of you, and whirling off with her. Now, as his eyes and yours have happened to meet the instant before Joan steps into the picture, by no means hastily withdraw your glance, as if embarrassed and confused; instead look on at them both one smiling instant. It will give him a chance to smile back a silent greeting to you. Then at once be ready to turn all your thoughts to the next man who approaches to ask you for a dance. If the men are cutting in, this will give Tommy a chance to tap your partner's shoulder, when you pass him on the dance floor, in order to claim you. Or else, at the end of the dance, if he does appear, he'll see you've not been sitting at the side lines.

But if you're one of the too fearful, jealous kind, who looks the other way if you see your favorite man dancing with another girl first, then the chances are he'll notice that you can't see him tonight. Vaguely feeling something's wrong, though he doesn't know what, he may not venture near you—not dreaming that bubbly little Joan is figuring in your thoughts as a dangerous brunette menace, and that you're showing him *you* don't run after men. Too often the attitude of a proud, repressed girl is taken by a man to mean she doesn't like him very much—or at all. Or that somehow he's offended, without knowing how. Result: mutual avoidance and misunderstanding. Not "smooth."

BECAUSE a man is almost sure to be drawn to the girl who's unfailingly "smooth," let's see what smoothness means.

If a girl prefers a certain man, she's being "smooth" about it if she understands he must pay a certain amount of attention to other girls at any social gathering—even to make certain gallant gestures with reference to them. Only the girl who's socially immature mistakes such attentions for budding romances.

Likewise, a girl would be smooth in a situation where everyone knows everyone else, she distributes her own attention evenly. It's the courteous attitude to ignore no one. Sticking rigidly to your own little clique looks narrow. The only exception to this is an affair like a big dance, where small clumps and groups keep together because they don't know the others.

The girl who would be smooth must keep down feelings of inferiority, such as jealousy and pretentiousness. To use the language of the movies, she doesn't try to steal scenes.

If you've a jealous disposition, and can't change it all at once, at least keep it on the inside. Don't treat any bewildered man to sudden changes from warmth to arctic chill. Or worse, don't try to probe his feelings toward yourself, or others.

Be a pal to your boy friend only to a very limited degree. Don't let him mistake you for a dumping ground for his troubles—or treat you too much of the time as another fellow. It doesn't pay, in the long run. If things head this way, don't explain, but have things to do, places to go, until he modifies the attitude.

If a man has kissed you once or twice and made love a little, it's certainly not being smooth if you let him see you feel injured should he act as though there's nothing serious between you on your next meeting. Better let him suppose the whole episode has rather slid from your memory. But if he should try the same thing again, your next move should be evasion—hold him off until you're sure he's not trifling.

I'm going to mention a little scene I noticed in Norma Shearer's "Rip Tide." It happens in the beginning of the picture, where Norma is parting from Herbert Marshall. She is taking what seems to be the end between them with her chin up, her one thought to write the farewell wire that will explain to him how very much it has all meant to her—the perfect experience. Is it any wonder that the girl with that attitude faces about to find the man who was leaving has decided he couldn't, after all, say good-bye?

To sum up, to win or hold your man, strive for the "smooth," poised attitude. Don't stifle all signs that the man appeals. Keep your conduct clear-cut enough so you won't puzzle the poor dear unduly. And if to these attitudes you can add natural warmth and tenderness, the courage to "take it"—defeat as well as success—why, then, what man can hold out against you?

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 10*)

to run to a beauty parlor for these treatments. They are very simple and easy and, no matter how busy you are, if you will budget your time, there's no reason why you can't do the work yourself and save yourself a pretty penny. Just follow these instructions and if you don't agree they are the best hot oil treatments you've ever had I'll give up!

There are six steps to this treatment: brushing, saturating the hair with oil, massaging, steaming, shampooing, and drying by hand. If you haven't a good stiff brush on hand, invest in one—it will be well worth your money—and spend seven or ten full minutes brushing your hair well before each treatment. Don't just skim over the top of the hair, but part the hair in the center and work down the head, tier by tier, picking up a very thin, lengthwise section each time.

After you have brushed until the scalp fairly tingles, apply a good hot oil preparation. I know of several. The oil should be heated until a drop of it on the back of the hand feels comfortable. Now part the hair and apply the oil with a little twisted wad of cotton.

AFTER every part of the scalp and hair has been covered with the oil, massage it well, using all the fingers of both hands. The massaging, incidentally, is one of the most important steps in the treatment. It gives the hair life and vitality and tones up the scalp.

Steaming is the next step. Do this by swathing the head in steaming hot turkish towels, applying one after another so as to keep the temperature uniform. Keep this up for about a half hour.

Now comes the shampoo. Four or five soapings with a good, pure, liquid shampoo soap may be necessary to remove all the particles of oil. The same number of rinsings will leave the hair fairly glistening with cleanliness. If you want to look especially glamorous finish off with a brightening hair rinse. After the last rinse, remove the excessive water with a towel and proceed to massage the hair until it is completely dry. It is really important that the hair is thoroughly dried after a hot oil treatment. If you want to push in a wave, remoisten the hair after it has first been dried. Don't ask me why this is so. It just is, and your hair will dook a hundred per cent better if you let it dry thoroughly before waving.

If you are one of those unfortunates suffering from dandruff, you'll find these hot oil treatments a big help for that, too. However, if you want to rush the good work along, try rubbing a little good hair tonic into the scalp daily. If you find that the alcohol in the tonic is too drying to the hair, simply mix a little oil with it.

HERE are some beauty hints I picked up from the stars for you:

If your lips look all puckered and withered from too much sun and salt water and no amount of cold creaming at night seems to suffice, try using cold cream on them during the day—before applying your lipstick. This is Bette Davis' suggestion and she says the cold cream not only serves as a swell foundation for the lipstick, but gives it a glossy appearance that is very attractive.

If your hair gets oily just a few days after shampooing, Miriam Hopkins advises using a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda in the water when shampooing your hair. One part soda to one hundred parts of water is about the right proportion.

To do away with that puffy look under the eyes, which is particularly prevalent in the early morning, Myrna Loy suggests patting on an oily cream every night. However, Myrna warns that you do this very gently and with an up-and-down movement—otherwise your results will be more harmful than good.

Eye baths night and morning with warm and then cold water will give a sparkle to the windows of the soul, says Dorothy Lee, whose brown orbs are among the most beautiful on the screen.

Mary Biddle has a little gift for you. It is a generous trial size of a well known cream which, really and truly, fulfills every demand you could make of a face cream. It is (1) an efficient cleansing agent, (2) it softens and refines, smoothing away roughness and incipient wrinkles and (3) after removing the cream with tissues, the skin is in an ideal state to receive make-up. It also is a blessing and a boon in fighting whiteheads. Also, a generous sample of a delightful face powder.

If you would like to receive the cream and powder, drop a note to Mary Biddle. Also, if you have any questions to ask about your beauty problems, write to her. Address her in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 8*)

direct a rank amateur than many old-time stage stars. The old timers are so full of tricks and mannerisms that they forget to be natural.

"So the thing that I want you, who are just learning to act, to remember, is that best of all rules: Be natural!

"I want you to get yourself in the proper frame of mind before you attempt any theatrical work at all. How? Simply by telling yourself that acting is a perfectly simple business, that it is not a mysterious and difficult art and that, if you walk upon a stage or before a camera and act simply, as any human being would act, half the battle is accomplished.

"Before you go before an audience—relax. Relax every muscle in your body—every nerve. Free yourself enirely from tenseness.

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BUT, you ask me, what about the technique of dramatic art? I say that simplicity is the greatest technique. But there is something else—a technical trick—that you must learn and feel.

"I do want you to know the art of *timing*. And it is simple. If you play any sort of game you know what timing is. On the tennis court you know exactly when to raise your racket. And you know how long a stroke to give your arm. That's timing.

"When you're dancing, you know exactly at what beat of the music to move your feet. That is rhythm—or timing.

"It is something you may instinctively feel—just as some people pick up tennis and dancing quicker than others—but it is also something that can be learned.

"Timing in acting means that, when you speak your lines, you give the proper pauses so that your audience may laugh or feel sorry or gasp, dependent upon what emotion you are trying to convey to them.

"The best way to go about learning proper timing is to apply the knowledge you already have of athletic sports. You may think of your words as if they were tennis balls and you are the tennis racket who bats these balls to the audience—or, more properly, to the other actors with whom you're working. Try to feel the rhythm of what you're saying. Feel the rhythm of the emotion you're portraying. Remember that every line and every emotion is important to the general effect and—just as in tennis, you don't want to miss a single ball—do not miss a single effect.

"And those of you who have no feeling for timing can *learn* it—by logically studying your lines, by analyzing them and deciding just where you should pause, just where you should speed up. Do this analytically until it becomes a part of you, until you actually *feel* inside of yourself the rhythm of your words and emotions.

AND that, incidentally, is something for you to remember. Say to yourself just before you step on the stage, 'I can't go wrong.' Learn to have confidence in yourself. Tell yourself over and over again that if you remain natural and simple you can't go wrong.

"And don't resort to obvious tricks. I trust you all know what a scene-stealer is. He is the man or woman who, by making some obvious movement, by making some exaggerated face while another actor is working, thinks that he is taking attention away from the actor who should have it and directing it to himself.

"It is difficult to stand perfectly relaxed and perfectly still upon a stage. You are apt to grow embarrassed, to think it necessary to move about. But I give you my word that the person who really steals scenes, who actually gets the most attention, is the poised, self-confident person who has the courage to remain calm, to stand still and **let** the other fellow take the scenes that belong to him.

"Remember these things:

"Anybody can act. Be natural. Relax. Don't resort to tricks. Learn timing. Do the simple and natural things *always*. Try to feel that you are a human being, doing human things instead of an actor playing a part. Have confidence in your ability. Most of the truly great acting of the world is founded on these simple tests."

Thanks, Frank Borzage! Thanks for making it all seem so easy. And now—all you kids—read and re-read this great director's words. They will give you a real impetus in acting.

I hope that all of this has helped and that you can honestly say you have profited by the first lesson in MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School. But I want you to be frank with me. I want you to tell me what you want in this—your very own—department. Don't hesitate to ask questions. Write to MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. Ask anything concerning the theatrical arts you want to know (I'll have experts who know their stuff answer your questions). Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

They Weren't Born Beautiful

(*Continued from page 41*)

charmer in my town. I wasn't dainty. I wasn't pretty. I wasn't smart.

"My Mother always was appalled at the way I'd pulled off my hair-ribbons and stuffed them in the back of my dress. That my freckled face, worse than ever in the summer, was smeared with dirt."

It wasn't, as a matter of fact, until Joan arrived in Hollywood that her metamorphosis into the lovely, smooth young woman she is today took place. In the intervening years Joan had grown up to her arms and legs. They no longer were out of all proportion to the rest of her. True. And her freckles were less marked and fewer in number. But it wasn't because Joan was a beauty that she had made her way in the chorus. It was because she was a splendid dancer, because her years of tree shinnying had left her limber.

Then one evening Joan went dancing at the Ambassador with a special beau. A very special beau. He was a man about town who impressed her greatly. She wore a blue chiffon evening dress which she had bought hurriedly in Los Angeles. Dresses were short that year, trying enough for tall girls in any event. But the silver lace ruffles on Joan's dress cut off its length and made it seem even shorter. Department store pearls were roped around her arms and neck. And it never had occurred to Joan to have slippers dyed to match that dress or to buy silver slippers to match the ruffles. Black satin slippers had been in her closet and she had worn them.

Constance Talmadge was at the Ambassador that night. As smart and perfectly groomed as Connie always can be expected to be. She wore a simply-cut gown of black crepe. Complementing it was costume jewelry of simulated rubies and slippers of ruby red.

"Constance Talmadge certainly knows how to dress," Joan's beau announced suddenly. "She's one smart girl. You always can count on her having just the right clothes, whatever the occasion."

"After that," said Joan, telling me about it, "Constance Talmadge became my guide.

THE first thing I had to do, of course, was lose weight. In the proper places. That meant *diet and exercise.*

Then I looked over my wardrobe as deliberately and coldly as a business man would look over his stock. And all those clothes I had bought ill-advisedly and hurriedly, I gave away.

"After that I took heed of the way I looked and the clothes I bought. And one thing led to another . . ."

Then there's Mae Clarke.

It was when Mae was a year old, puny and nervous, that the family physician insisted she have the invigorating benefits of sea air and the family moved to the shore.

The sea air did help. Mae lived. But even five years later, when she was six and started school, she was so scrawny and frail that, although she had plenty to eat at home, she always was on the milk list with children who suffered from malnutrition.

Mae had a nervous affliction, too. Called upon to stand up and recite her lessons, she would stammer. And then, in her confusion and mortification, she would proceed to forget her lessons entirely.

As Mae grew older she used to spend all afternoon and all evening doing her homework. She used to take out no time for play. Long after she knew her lessons perfectly, she used to go over them again and again. In this way, she always hoped she would be able to drill her homework into her head so thoroughly that nothing could make her forget it.

But always the same thing happened. Immediately she began to stammer, the lesson she knew so well would fly out of her head and leave her mind blank.

IT was on the world-famous Atlantic City boardwalk that Mae saw her first dancing recital. She slipped into the hall where it was taking place.

She was spellbound with the beauty of all she saw. She imagined her own undersized, stooped little body in every turn and motion the dancers made.

"Oh," she whispered, "oh, if only I could dance like that . . ."

That night, when she went home, she put a record on the phonograph and she danced. The next night she did the same thing. And the next night and the next. Until her parents, realizing how she loved dancing, scrimped and saved that they might send her to dancing school.

It was at dancing school, for the first happy time in her unhappy life, that Mae began to find herself. Here, from the beginning, she was able to hold her own. Her body might be thin. Her narrow little shoulders might be stooped. Her arms and legs might be undersized. But in her thin body and her stooped narrow shoulders, in her pipe-stem arms and legs there was an inborn sense and feeling of rhythm.

It wasn't long before—instead of being the stupid one—Mae was standing up beside the teacher showing the class how to do things. This gave her confidence. She found poise. Happier mentally, she began to digest her food better. Her body began to straighten and fill out. Until the poor little ugly duckling Mae Clarke had been gave way to the happy, healthy, attractive girl that Mae is today.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT made practically the same discovery. For, believe it or not, once upon a time, Claudette was an ugly duckling, too.

"I was anemic," Claudette explained. "I was a sight, really. I had no vitality. I went around limp and stoop-shouldered. I had so little energy that instinctively I conserved it, spent none of it on enthusiasm or vivacity. And with my face much thinner than it is now my eyes used to seem sunken and my nose looked larger."

Claudette too, like Joan, was self-conscious when she began to mature. Typically French, you see, she matured early and fully. While her American friends continued to have straight up and down boyish forms. And when you're only fourteen, more than anything else you long to be as much like everyone else as possible. It is only as we grow older that we find interest and attraction in things and people that are different, that we dare to be different.

"My carriage was bad, too. The drawing-board over which I worked with ambitions of becoming an artist didn't help much either . . ."

Then Claudette's father died and she faced an economic crisis. She had her mother and aunt to support.

"It was literally," Claudette then told me, "my economic problem that jerked me out of the ugly duckling class. I knew there was more money in the theatre than there was in stenography or art work. So I became interested in a career on the stage.

"The first time I stood in front of my mirror to take stock of myself I was horrified. I'd never realized how I looked, I guess. I'd been looking at myself in the mirror for years but that night, looking at myself with an objective, critical point of view, I saw myself for the first time.

"Immediately I set about learning carriage, hair arrangement and clothes. I did all of this as deliberately as I had studied Pitman pot-hooks in order to become a stenographer, as thoroughly as I had studied color and design when I'd hoped to become an artist.

"So I know whereof I speak when I say there is no need for any girl to sit down and accept her figure, her posture, her phlegmatic attitude, or any other detail of her appearance. Any one of these things or all of them can be changed."

And then, too, there's the case of Sally Eilers. She also was an ugly duckling once. And what is more Sally insists that she's glad, that it's something of a boon to have been one. For a time, mind you.

"Because," explains Sally, "when you've experienced years as an ugly duckling you aren't likely to have acquired the habit of depending upon your looks to get by, you aren't prone to act querulous and spoiled, to weary people with all the poses which you think are your passport to popularity and admiration.

"Once you've been an ugly duckling, you're more likely to keep on trying to make the grade as a human being, to keep on trying to make good as an individual."

Sally was a pretty baby. She was chubby. She had curls. And wondering eyes. But her hair turned straight. She acquired "millions of freckles." And she continued chubby instead of losing her baby fat and growing tall. At twelve she wore size six. The boys on the Eilers' block liked to tease Sally, to tell her she was as broad as she was long.

Then Sally began to have trouble with her lessons. Her mother took her to an oculist and it was discovered Sally needed glasses.

"I was wretched," Sally says, "I never was sure of myself. I was self-conscious and timid. I never seemed to know the answers. Until my mother bought me a pale blue georgette dress with a very full skirt.

"When I remember that dress now, it seems pretty terrible. But then it was so much my heart's desire that I couldn't help but believe I was attractive in it. So I began to act as if I was attractive. I began to seem a little more assured. I began to acquire poise and confidence. And all of this turned the trick."

Such a small thing—one party dress—to really change a girl's life. But I've seen it happen—in other cases besides Sally's.

They weren't born beautiful, all of the movie stars, as I said in the beginning. But one way or another they grew to be beautiful. That's the important thing. One way or another they found themselves. They saw no reason why because they happened to be born ugly ducklings they should live and die ugly ducklings.





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Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

morning, he started to take some motion pictures of the surrounding landscape and other boats. Who should be standing on the boat right next to his but Gloria Swansan and Herbert Marshall—who also were trying to "get away."

* * *

HE'S AFRAID OF GRETA!

Richard Boleslavsky, who is to direct Garbo in her next flicker, hasn't met the lady yet and the picture starts in three days. They have each been so afraid of meeting the other that on several occasions much-out-of-the-way skipping has been done on the part of both of them. The other day the director was told that Garbo was on her way to see him when she got cold feet. He finally saw the humor of the situation and wrote her the following note: "I am more scared of you than you are of me, so why run away?"

* * *

Jackie Coogan (now a man-about-town) was asked the name of his current girl friend.

"Toby Wing," Jackie informed.

"But," said the friend, "I thought that Junior Laemmle was taking her around."

"What—that old man?" demanded Jackie in horror.

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell really got annoyed the other day because someone in a friendly manner referred to her in print as a "veteran" of the stage.

"In my home in England," stormed Mrs. Pat, "a veteran is someone who walks around on crutches."

* * *

When Hugh Herbert admitted that he had only kissed one other actress on the screen, many of his friends thought he should be given some lessons before he kissed Glenda Farrell in "Kansas City Princess." When Hugh told them who the object of his first and only kiss had been, they decided no instructions would be necessary. Number One for Hugh had been Tallulah Bankhead.

* * *

Max Baer made something over $6,000 per week and a cut when he went in for personal appearances in the movie houses —and 'tis whispered that the Champ will get even more than that for his next motion picture.

* * *

Jack Benny may be considered stingy with his handwriting but no one can claim that he lacks generosity with his affection. He carries a rubber stamp to sign autograph books and he blithely stamps one and all with "Love and kisses from Jack."

* * *

ONLY SIXTEEN!

Patricia Ellis surprised everyone the other evening by admitting in a radio broadcast that she was "just sixteen." She gave her age as sixteen over two years ago when she signed her Warner Brothers contract, but it wasn't until just a few days ago that she actually attained that venerable age.

* * *

Little Shirley Temple is the least spoiled child of the movies these tired eyes (tired of movie kids, anyway) have ever beheld. Shirley lives at Santa Monica with her mother, father and two small brothers and never for one moment would you know there was a movie queen in the crowd. The brothers behave toward Shirley just as all small brothers do. The only difference Shirley's fame has made is that her Dad has been promoted to branch manager of a Santa Monica Bank where he had formerly worked merely as an employee. Shirley's fame brought many new accounts to the bank where her Dad worked. Hence the promotion.

* * *

Fox is making ambitious production plans for "One More Spring," Robert Nathan's best seller of last season. The cast will be headed by Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, with Stepin Fetchit in an important role.

Since "State Fair" the Fox exhibitors have been clamoring for another Rogers-Gaynor picture It certainly should satisfy them to have Warner Baxter thrown in for good measure.

* * *

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS

This is rather ironically-funny. Heather Angel's mama has always been of the fast opinion that her darling daughter could get much further in pictures if she would shy away from publicity, sort of become "mysterious." Just the other day, however, mama got an offer from a London newspaper to do a series of interviews on the stars at a nice price. Imagine her chagrin when she found that most of the stars she was anxious to obtain were all busy being "mysterious" and so she had to pass up the offer.

* * *

It proved to be the big gasp of the month when "The League for Decency" (newly organized religious groups who are going after the movies with hammer and tongs) came out in a report that Norma Shearer's pictures were the most demoralizing films made in Hollywood. Norma, they insinuated, was a more "sinning" screen lady than even Mae West, because Norma, who looked and acted a lady, was permitted to get away with anything including screen "infidelity and divorce." Norma's picture "Riptide" was held up as the horrible example.

The day after this outburst took place, Norma asked Freddy March (her co-star in "Barretts of Wimpole Street") how he felt about appearing in a picture with the worst woman in Hollywood.

"Well, it's pretty bad," replied Freddy in mock seriousness. "Of course, I've tried to do all I can to help the cause along. I've just adopted a little child, and if some of the sweetness and light of that publicity doesn't rub off on you, you can't say I haven't tried."

* * *

Quite a furore occurred on the set of "Chained," the Crawford-Gable film when Clark wore a bathing suit for a swimming scene. One of the gals on the set spotted the powerful Gable physique in the pool and immediately hied herself off to tell her pals the news. Back she came with about a dozen femmes. Word also spread to a nearby set where there were fifty dancing girls in rehearsal—and by the time Clark looked around after completing the scene, he discovered a "gallery" of several hundred palpitating ladies.

A loud yell was heard, then a splash, and it actually took the production chief to shoo the damsels away so that Gable could come out of the water and act.

* * *

According to the New York correspondents, the telegram that caused Max Baer to hop up and down in delight and shout over in pride and excitement, following his victory over Preemo, was signed "Jean Harlow."

"Look at this," Maxie is quoted as shouting, "and then believe those stories that Jean and I aren't friends!"

At one time, Jean was very busy denying that Max Baer was anything in her life. In fact she went so far as to call him a clown and say that he annoyed her. But Maxie wasn't champ then.

* * *

TEACHERS' PET

Jean Muir will no doubt find everlasting favor with the Parent-Teachers etc., who are uttering cries for cleaner and purer movies. This gal, who has portrayed nothing but sweetness-and-light during her short movie career, has just demanded that it be written in her contract that she shall never play anything else but! What's more, the studio liked her for her stand and immediately wrote the new clause into the agreement.

* * *

There is a certain woman in Hollywood who never seems happy unless she is spreading malicious gossip about one or more of the stars. SOOoo, imagine everyone's glee the other night when she entered a popular spot wearing one of the new (and very eccentric) hats that tie under the chin with a flock of tulle. No sooner had she entered than Bruce Cabot shouted out:

"Oh-oh, so she's finally talked so much she's got her jaw in a sling."

* * *

Bob Montgomery went to no little trouble to kill his latest "divorce" rumor. He called a friendly newspaper man and begged that he place the following information in his daily column: "While it is true that Bob is living at a hotel, it must be reported that his only reason is the odor of paint. The Montgomerys are having some work done on the house and the smell of the paint makes him so ill that he has been unable to study his lines. Betty and the baby don't seem to mind it, though, so they are staying on at the house."

* * *

We have the word of a very close friend that Jean Harlow broke down and sobbed like a baby when she found out that her estranged husband, Hal Rosson, was a victim of the infantile paralysis epidemic. For days Rosson's condition was so dangerous it was supposed he would be a cripple for life.

It was during this time that Jean was rumored to have said, "What is it about me that brings unhappiness and bad luck to the men in my life?"

* * *

At the preview of "Shoot the Works" little Arline Judge could hardly see her own clever performance for the tears that blinded her when the late Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody appeared on the screen.

In fact, the entire audience seemed to be saddened, and many "lines" that would otherwise have evoked gales of laughter in this musical comedy, fell flat.

* * *

Wedding bells rang again for Richard Dix! Twenty-four-year-old Virginia Webster, who was his secretary for six months, became his bride recently.

* * *

Richard Cromwell has a soft place in his heart for the first picture that gave him an opportunity, so yesterday he bought a print of "Tol'able David" for his own use.

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